













**THE GOLDEN TREASURY  
OF MODERN LYRICS**



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TORONTO

THE GOLDEN TREASURY  
OF  
MODERN LYRICS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

LAURENCE BINYON

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## PREFACE

THE original Golden Treasury, first published in 1861, was designed to contain all the best songs and lyrics in our language up to the year 1850. The limitation, however, which excluded the work of writers still living in 1861, prevented any representation of the chief Victorian poets; and in effect the volume hardly carried the reader beyond the period which closed with the death of Byron in 1824, when Wordsworth and Coleridge, the great survivors of that period, had done their best work. The present volume is designed to continue the original Golden Treasury through the Victorian age to the present day, and in effect covers nearly a century. But it cannot make quite so comprehensive a claim as its predecessor. Even in the case of work which has been sifted by time a wide diversity of opinion, as to what is best, persists: the diversity is accentuated the nearer we approach to contemporaries. To present "all the best poems" written in English during the

period is an ambition for the infallible. But apart from other difficulties the amplitude of the material and the prescribed limitation of space made the comprehensiveness of such an aim impossible. No attempt has been made to represent the whole range of English-speaking writers. To have included selections from the poets of the Overseas Dominions and from Indian poets using our language—to say nothing of the poetry of America—would have increased the material beyond manageable scope. Even with these limitations I have been obliged to omit a number of beautiful poems from mere considerations of space. A few are absent for other causes beyond my control.

• The difficulties and dangers of choosing from recent and contemporary verse are obvious. Some pieces which should have found a place may have been overlooked ; the right things may have been read in the wrong mood ; mistakes of judgement are probably inevitable. But he who is rash enough to undertake such a task must bear the responsibility as best he may. The inordinate length of some of the lyrics produced during the period has been an additional difficulty. In a few cases I have ventured, like Mr. Palgrave, to compress or extract : all such instances are recorded in the Notes.

The death of Tennyson closed an epoch in our

poetry. It seemed best, therefore, in presenting a book of lyrics often so different in mood and atmosphere, to divide the selection into two books, corresponding roughly with the periods before and after that date. But no precise dividing line has been chosen: overlapping is unavoidable; harmony and convenience of arrangement have determined the choice in doubtful cases.

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x     *The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics*

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# BOOK I

**E**

**B**



## THE PHOENIX

O BLEST unfabled Incense Tree,  
That burns in glorious Araby,  
With red scent chalicing the air,  
Till earth-life grow Elysian there !

Half buried to her flaming breast  
In this bright tree, she makes her nest,  
Hundred-sunned Phoenix ! when she must  
Crumble at length to hoary dust !

Her gorgeous death-bed ! her rich pyre  
Burnt up with aromatic fire !  
Her urn, sight-high from spoiler men !  
Her birthplace when self-born again !

The mountainless green wilds among,  
Here ends she her unechoing song !  
With amber tears and odorous sighs  
Mourned by the desert where she dies !

*George Darley.*



## II

## A GARDEN BY THE SEA

I KNOW a little garden-close,  
Set thick with lily and red rose,  
Where I would wander if I might  
From dewy morn to dewy night,  
And have ~~one~~ with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,  
And though no pillared house is there,  
And though the apple-boughs are bare  
Of fruit and blossom, would to God  
Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,  
And in the close two fair streams are,  
Drawn from the purple hills afar,  
Drawn down unto the restless sea :  
Dark hills whose heath-bloom feeds no bee,  
Dark shore no ship has ever seen,  
Tormented by the billows green  
Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
Unto the place for which I cry.  
For which I cry both day and night,  
For which I let slip all delight,  
Whereby I grow both deaf and blind,  
Careless to win, unskilled to find,  
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am and weak,  
Still have I left a little breath  
To seek within the jaws of death  
An entrance to that happy place,  
To seek the unforgotten face,  
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me  
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

*William Morris.*

III

TO FANCY

I AM here for thee,  
Art thou there for me ?  
Or, traitress to my watchful heart,  
Dost thou from rock and wave depart,  
And from the desolate sea ?

I am here for thee,  
Art thou there for me ?  
Or, Fancy, with thy wondrous smile  
Wilt thou no more my eyes beguile  
Betwixt the clouds and sea ?

I am here for thee,  
Art thou there for me ?  
Spirit of brightness, shy and sweet !  
My eyes thy glimmering robe would meet  
Above the glimmering sea.

My little skill,  
 My passionate will  
 Are here : where art thou ? Spirit, bow  
 From darkening cloud thy heavenly brow,  
 Ere sinks the ebbing sea.

*Richard Watson Dixon.*

#### IV

### SPEAK, GOD OF VISIONS

O, THY bright eyes must answer now,  
 When Reason, with a scornful brow,  
 Is mocking at my overthrow !  
 Oh, thy sweet tongue must plead for me  
 And tell why I have chosen thee !

Stern Reason is to judgment come,  
 Arrayed in all her forms of gloom :  
 Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb ?  
 No, radiant angel, speak and say,  
 Why I did cast the world away.—

Why I have persevered to shun  
 The common paths that others run,  
 And on a strange road journeyed on,  
 Heedless alike of wealth and power,  
 Of Glory's wreath and Pleasure's flower.

These once, indeed, seemed Beings Divine ;  
 And they, perchance, heard vows of mine,  
 And saw my offerings on their shrine ;  
 But careless gifts are seldom prized,  
 And mine were worthily despised.

So, with a ready heart, I swore  
To seek their altar-stone no more ;  
And gave my spirit to adore  
Thee, ever-present, phantom thing—  
My slave, my comrade, and my king.

A slave, because I rule thee still,  
Incline thee to my changeful will,  
And make thy influence, good or ill :  
A comrade, for by day and night  
Thou art my intimate delight,—

My darling pain that wounds and sears,  
And wrings a blessing out from tears  
By deadening me to earthly cares ;  
And yet, a king, though Prudence well  
Have taught thy subject to rebel.

And am I wrong to worship where  
Faith cannot doubt, nor Hope despair,  
Since my own soul can grant my prayer ?  
Speak, God of visions, plead for me,  
And tell why I have chosen thee !

*Emily Brontë.*

v

THE VOICE

As the kindling glances,  
Queen-like and clear,  
Which the bright moon lances  
From her tranquil sphere

At the sleepless waters  
Of a lonely mere,  
On the wild whirling waves, mournfully, mourn-  
fully,  
Shiver and die.

As the tears of sorrow  
Mothers have shed—  
Prayers that to-morrow  
Shall in vain be sped  
When the flower they flow for  
Lies frozen and dead—  
Fall on the throbbing brow, fall on the burning  
breast,  
Bringing no rest.

Like bright waves that fall  
With a lifelike motion  
On the lifeless margin of the sparkling Ocean ;  
A wild rose climbing up a mouldering wall—  
A gush of sunbeams through a ruin'd hall—  
Strains of glad music at a funeral—  
So sad, and with so wild a start  
To this deep-sober'd heart,  
So anxiously and painfully,  
So drearily and doubtfully,  
And oh, with such intolerable change  
Of thought, such contrast strange,  
O unforgotten voice, thy accents come,  
Like wanderers from the world's extremity  
Unto their ancient home !

In vain, all, all in vain,  
They beat upon mine ear again,  
Those melancholy tones so sweet and still.  
Those lute-like tones which in the bygone year  
Did steal into mine ear—  
Blew such a thrilling summons to my will,  
Yet could not shake it ;  
Made my tost heart its very life-blood spill,  
Yet could not break it.

*Matthew Arnold.*

## VI

## SIBYLLA' PALMIFERA

UNDER the arch of Life, where love and death,  
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw  
Beauty enthroned ; and though her gaze struck  
awe,

I drew it in as simply as my breath.  
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,  
The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,  
By sea or sky or woman, to one law,  
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise  
Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to  
thee

By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat  
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,  
How passionately and irretrievably,  
In what fond flight, how many ways and days !

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

## VII

## SONG IN THE SONGLESS

THEY have no song, the sedges dry,  
And still they sing.  
It is within my breast they sing,  
As I pass by.  
Within my breast they touch a string,  
They wake a sigh.  
There is but sound of sedges dry ;  
In me they sing. ,

*George Meredith.*

## VIII

## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river ?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river :  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river ;  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan  
(How tall it stood in the river !)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sate by the river.

“ This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan  
(Laughed while he sate by the river),  
“ The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed.” •  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !  
Piercing sweet by the river !  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man :  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

• *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



## IX

## THE LOTOS-EATERS : CHORIC SONG

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the  
blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,  
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers  
weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in  
sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness ?  
All things have rest : why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease from wanderings,

Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;  
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,  
" There is no joy but calm ! "  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of  
things ?

## 3

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow  
Falls, and floats adown the air.  
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.  
All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
Death is the end of life ; ah, why  
Should life all labour be ?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil ? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful  
case.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream !  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;  
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;  
Eating the Lotos day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;  
To muse and brood and live again in memory,  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

## 6

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives  
And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd  
change :  
For surely now our household hearths are cold :  
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.

Or else the island princes over-bold  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle ?  
Let what is broken so remain.  
The Gods are hard to reconcile :  
'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
'There is confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labour unto aged breath, ●  
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.●

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)●  
With half-dropt eyelid still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—  
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !  
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the  
pine.

## 8

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :

All day the wind breathes low with mellower  
tone :

Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow  
Lotos-dust is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the  
surge was seething free,  
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-  
fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal  
mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of man-  
kind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are  
hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are  
lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleam-  
ing world :

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted  
lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring  
deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking  
ships, and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a  
doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of  
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are  
strong ;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave  
the soil,  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring  
toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and  
oil ;  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis  
whisper'd—down in hell  
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys  
dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the  
shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and  
wave and oar ;  
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander  
more.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## X

## DAVID SINGS TO SAUL

OH, the wild joys of living ! the leaping from rock  
up to rock,  
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,  
the cool silver shock  
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of  
the bear,  
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in  
his lair.

And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with  
gold dust divine,  
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the  
full draught of wine,  
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where  
bulrushes tell  
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly  
and well.  
How good is man's life, the mere living ! how fit  
to employ .  
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever  
in joy !  
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father,  
whose sword thou didst guard  
When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for  
glorious reward ?  
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held  
up as men sung  
The low song of the nearly-departed, and hear her  
faint tongue  
Joining in while it could to the witness, " Let one  
more attest,  
I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime, and  
all was for best " ?  
Then they sung thro' their tears in strong triumph,  
not much, but the rest.  
And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the  
working whence grew  
Such result as, from seething grape-bundles, the  
spirit strained true :  
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of  
wonder and hope,

Present promise and wealth of the future beyond  
the eye's scope,—  
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch ; a people is  
thine ;  
And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on one  
head combine !  
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and  
rage (like the throe  
That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour and lets  
the gold go),  
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame  
crowning them,—all  
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—  
King Saul !

*Robert Browning.*

## XI

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning  
To those first feelings that were born with me,  
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning  
For idle dreams of things which cannot be ;

To-day, I will not seek the shadowy region ;  
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear ;  
And visions rising, legion after legion,  
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,  
And not in paths of high morality,  
And not among the half-distinguished faces,  
The clouded forms of long-past history.



I'll walk where my own nature would be leading :  
It vexes me to choose another guide :  
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding ;  
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?  
More glory and more grief than I can tell :  
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling  
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

*Emily Brontë.*

## XII

### THE SHEPHERD'S TREE

-HUGE elm, with rifted trunk all notched and  
scarred,

Like to a warrior's destiny ! I love  
To stretch me often on thy shadowed sward,  
And hear the laugh of summer leaves above ;  
Or on thy buttressed roots to sit, and lean  
In careless attitude, and there reflect  
On times, and deeds, and darings that have been—  
Old castaways, now swallowed in neglect,

While thou art towering in thy strength of heart,  
Stirring the soul to vain imaginings  
In which life's sordid being hath no part.  
The wind of that eternal ditty sings,  
Humming of future things, that burn the mind  
To leave some fragment of itself behind.

*John Clare.*

XIII

THE VENETIAN PASTORAL :

A Picture by GIORGIONE

WATER, for anguish of the solstice :—nay,  
But dip the vessel slowly,—nay, but lean  
And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in  
Reluctant. Hush ! beyond all depth away  
The heat lies silent at the brink of day :  
Now the hand trails upon the viol-string  
That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,  
Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray  
Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes  
creep  
And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass  
Is cool against her naked side ? Let be :—  
Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,  
Nor name this ever. Be it as it was,—  
Life touching lips with Immortality.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

XIV

A SONG OF FLIGHT

WHILE we slumber and sleep  
The sun leaps up from the deep  
—Daylight born at the leap !—  
Rapid, dominant, free,  
Athirst to bathe in the uttermost sea.

While we linger at play  
—If the year would stand at May !—  
Winds are up and away  
Over land, over sea,  
To their goal wherever their goal may be.

It is time to arise,  
To race for the promised prize,  
—The Sun flies, the Wind flies—  
We are strong, we are free,  
And home lies beyond the stars and the sea.

*Christina Rossetti.*

## XV

THE splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story :  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river :

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

XVI

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away ;  
Down and away below !  
Now my brothers call from the bay,  
Now the great winds shoreward blow,  
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
Children dear, let us away !  
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—  
Call once yet !  
In a voice that she will know :  
“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”  
Children’s voices should be dear  
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ;  
Children’s voices, wild with pain—  
Surely she will come again !  
Call her once and come away ;  
This way, this way !  
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay !  
The wild white horses foam and fret.”  
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ;  
Call no more !  
One last look at the white-wall'd town,  
And the little grey church on the windy shore ;  
Then come down !  
She will not come though you call all day ;  
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
• Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep ;  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
• Where the salt weed sways in the stream,  
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;  
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world for ever and aye ?  
When did music come this way ?  
Children dear, ~~was~~ it yesterday ? •

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away ?  
Once she sate with you and me,  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,  
And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.

She sigh'd; she look'd up through the clear green  
sea ;

She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.

"Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !

And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with  
thee."

I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-  
caves ! "

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.  
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

. Children dear, were we long alone ?

" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;

Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say ;

Come ! " I said ; and we rose through the surf  
in the bay.

• We went up the beach, by the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd  
town ;

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was  
still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their  
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn  
with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small  
• leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :  
" Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !  
Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone ;  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."  
But, ah, she gave me never a look,  
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book !  
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.  
Come away, children, call no more !  
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down,\* down !  
• Down to the depths of the sea !  
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully.  
Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !  
• For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun ! "  
And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully,  
Till the spindle drops from her hand,  
And the whizzing wheel stands still.  
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,  
And over the sand at the sea ;  
And her eyes are set in a stare ; •  
And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,  
From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
And a heart sorrow-laden,  
A long, long sigh ;  
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden  
And the gleam of her golden hair. •

Come away, away children ;  
Come children, come down !  
The hoarse wind blows coldly ;  
Lights shine in the town.  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door ;  
She will hear the winds howling,  
Will hear the waves roar.  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,  
A ceiling of amber,  
A pavement of pearl,  
Singing : " Here came a mortal,  
But faithless was she !  
And alone dwell for ever  
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow,  
When clear falls the moonlight,  
When spring-tides are low ;  
When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starr'd with broom,  
And high rocks throw mildly  
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;  
Up the still, glistening beaches,  
Up the creeks we will hie,  
Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb-tide leaves dry.  
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,  
At the white, sleeping town ;  
At the church on the hill-side—  
And then come back down,



Singing : " There dwells a loved one,  
But cruel is she !  
She left lonely for ever  
The kings of the sea."

*Matthew Arnold.*

XVII

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
    To many-tower'd Camelot ;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses ; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
    Skimming down to Camelot :  
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?  
Or at the casement seen her stand ?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
    The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
    Down to tower'd Camelot :  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy  
    Lady of Shalott."

## PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
    To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
    Winding down to Camelot :  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
    Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
    Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two :  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights  
    And music, went to Camelot :  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed ;  
" I am half sick of shadows," said  
    The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot :  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armour rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
    As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
" Tirra lirra," by the river  
    Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
    She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide ;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;  
" The curse is come upon me," cried  
    The Lady of Shalott.

#### PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
    Over tower'd Camelot ;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
    *The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse  
Like some bold seër in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
    Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
    She floated down to Camelot :  
And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly.  
    Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

• Under tower and balcony,  
• By garden-wall and gallery,

A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
    Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
    *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this ? and what is here ?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer ;  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
    All the knights at Camelot :  
But Lancelot mused a little space ;  
He said, " She has a lovely face ;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
    The Lady of Shalott."

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

XVIII

THE LABORATORY : *ANCIEN RÉGIME*

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,  
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,  
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—  
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee ?

He is with her, and they know that I know  
Where they are, what they do : they believe my  
    tears flow

While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the  
    drear  
Empty church, to pray God in, for them !—I am  
    here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,  
Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste !  
Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,  
Than go where men wait me and dance at the  
    King's.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum ?  
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come !  
And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,  
Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too ?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,  
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures !  
To carry pure death in an ear-ring, a casket,  
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket !

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,  
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to  
    live !  
But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head  
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should  
    drop dead !

Quick—is it finished ? The colour's too grim !  
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim ?  
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,  
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer !



What a drop ! She's not little, no minion like me !  
That's why she ensnared him : this never will free  
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, “ No ! ”  
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought  
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought  
Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she  
would fall  
Shrivelled ; she fell not ; yet this does it all !

Not that I bid you spare her the pain ;  
Let death be felt and the proof remain ;  
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—  
He is sure to remember her dying face !

Is it done ? Take my mask off ! Nay, be not  
morose ;  
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close :  
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee !  
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me ?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,  
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you  
will !

But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings  
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's

*Robert Browning.*

XIX

AMATURUS

SOMEWHERE beneath the sun,  
These quivering heart-strings prove it,  
Somewhere there must be one  
Made for this soul, to move it ;  
Some one that hides her sweetness  
From neighbours whom she slights,  
Nor can attain completeness,  
Nor give her heart its rights ;  
Some one whom I could court  
With no great change of manner,  
Still holding reason's fort,  
Though waving fancy's banner ;  
A lady, not so queenly  
As to disdain my hand,  
Yet born to smile serenely  
Like those that rule the land ;  
Noble, but not too proud ;  
With soft hair simply folded,  
And bright face crescent-browed,  
And throat by Muses moulded ;  
And eyelids, lightly falling  
On little glistening seas,  
Deep-calm, when gales are brawling,  
Though stirred by every breeze :  
Swift voice, like flight of dove  
Through minster arches floating,  
With sudden turns, when love  
Gets overnear to doting ;

Keen lips, that shape soft sayings  
Like crystals of the snow,  
With pretty half-betrayings  
Of things one may not know ;  
Fair hand, whose touches thrill,  
Like golden rod of wonder,  
Which Hermes wields at will  
Spirit and flesh to sunder ;  
Light foot, to press the stirrup  
In fearlessness and glee,  
Or dance, till finches chirrup,  
And stars sink to the sea.

Forth, Love, and find this maid,  
Wherever she be hidden :  
Speak, Love, be not afraid,  
But plead as thou art bidden ;  
And say, that he who taught thee  
His yearning want and pain,  
Too dearly, dearly bought thee  
To part with thee in vain.

*William Cory.*

XX

### SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

WELL dost thou, Love, thy solemn Feast to hold  
In vestal February ;  
Not rather choosing out some rosy day  
From the rich coronet of the coming May,  
When all things meet to marry !  
O quick, prævernal Power

That signal'st punctual through the sleepy mould  
The Snowdrop's time to flower,  
Fair as the rash oath of virginity  
Which is first-love's first cry ;  
O, Baby spring,  
That flutter'st sudden 'neath the breast of Earth  
A month before the birth ;  
Whence is the peaceful poignancy,  
The joy contrite,  
Sadder than sorrow, sweeter than delight,  
That burthens now the breath of everything,  
Though each one sighs as if to each alone  
The cherish'd pang were known ?  
At dusk of dawn, on his dark spray apart,  
With it the Blackbird breaks the young Day's  
heart ;  
In evening's hush  
About it talks the heavenly-minded Thrush ;  
The hill with like remorse  
Smiles to the Sun's smile in his westering course ;  
The fisher's drooping skiff  
In yonder sheltering bay ;  
The choughs that call about the shining cliff ;  
The children, noisy in the setting ray ;  
Own the sweet season, each thing as it may ;  
Thoughts of strange kindness and forgotten peace  
In me increase ;  
And tears arise  
Within my happy, happy Mistress' eyes,  
And, lo, her lips, averted from my kiss,  
Ask from Love's bounty, ah, much more than bliss !  
Is't the sequester'd and exceeding sweet  
Of dear Desire electing his defeat ?

Is't the waked Earth now to yon purpling cope  
Uttering first-love's first cry,  
Vainly renouncing, with a seraph's sigh,  
Love's natural hope ?  
Fair-meaning Earth, foredoom'd to perjury !  
Behold, ail amorous May,  
With roses heap'd upon her laughing brows,  
Avoids thee of thy vows !  
Were it for thee, with her warm bosom near,  
To abide the sharpness of the Seraph's sphere ?  
Forget thy foolish words ;  
Go to her summons gay,  
'Thy heart with dead, wing'd Innocencies fill'd,  
Ev'n as a nest with birds  
After the old ones by the hawk are kill'd.  
Well dost thou, Love, to celebrate  
The noon of thy soft ecstasy,  
'Or e'er it be too late,  
Or e'er the Snowdrop die !

*Coventry Patmore.*

XXI

DREAM-LOVE

YOUNG Love lies sleeping  
In May-time of the year,  
Among the lilies,  
Lapped in the tender light :  
White lambs come grazing,  
White doves come building there :  
And round about him  
The May-bushes are white.,

Soft moss the pillow  
For oh, a softer cheek ;  
Broad leaves cast shadow  
Upon the heavy eyes :  
There wind and waters  
Grow lulled and scarcely speak ;  
There twilight lingers  
The longest in the skies.

Young Love lies dreaming :  
But who shall tell the dream ?  
A perfect sunlight  
On rustling forest tips ;  
Or perfect moonlight  
Upon a rippling stream ;  
Or perfect silence,  
Or song of cherished lips.

Burn odours round him  
To fill the drowsy air ;  
Weave silent dances  
Around him to and fro ;  
For oh, in waking  
The sights are not so fair,  
And song, and silence  
Are not like these below.

Young Love lies dreaming  
Till summer days are gone,—  
Dreaming and drowsing  
Away to perfect sleep :

He sees the beauty  
Sun hath not looked upon,  
And tastes the fountain  
Unutterably deep.

Him perfect music  
Doth hush unto his rest,  
And through the pauses  
The perfect silence calms :  
Oh, poor the voices  
Of earth from east to west,  
And poor earth's stillness  
Between her stately palms.

Young Love lies drowsing  
Away to popped death ;  
Cool shadows deepen  
Across the sleeping face :  
So fails the summer  
With warm, delicious breath :  
And what hath autumn  
To give us in its place ?

Draw close the curtains  
Of branched evergreen ;  
Change cannot touch them  
With fading fingers sere :  
Here first the violets  
Perhaps will bud unseen,  
And a dove, may be,  
Return to nestle here.

*Christina Rossetti.*

XXII

SUMMUM BONUM

ALL the breath and the bloom of the year in the  
bag of one bee :

All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the  
heart of one gem :

In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine  
of the sea :

Breath and bloom, shade and shine, wonder,  
wealth, and—how far above them—

Truth, that's brighter than gem,

Trust, that's purer than pearl,—

Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all  
were for me

In the kiss of one girl.

*Robert Browning.*

XXIII

THE HUNTSMEN'S CHORUS

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;

And the brown bright nightingale amorous

Is half assuaged for Itylus,

For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,

The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.



Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,  
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamour of waters, and with might ;  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet ;  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the  
night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling ?  
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring  
to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !  
For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins ;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins ;  
And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;

And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes  
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
The Mænad and the Bassarid ;  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide  
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes ;  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

XXIV

ECHOES OF LOVE'S HOUSE

LOVE gives every gift, whereby we long to live ;  
" Love takes every gift, and nothing back doth  
give."

Love unlocks the lips that else were ever dumb :  
“ Love locks up the lips whence all things good  
might come.”

Love makes clear the eyes that else would never  
see :  
“ Love makes blind the eyes to all but me and  
thee.”

Love turns life to joy till nought is left to gain :  
“ Love turns life to woe till hope is nought and  
vain.”

Love, who changest all, change me nevermore !  
“ Love, who changest all, change my sorrow  
sore ! ”

Love burns up the world to changeless heaven and  
blest,  
“ Love burns up the world to a void of all unrest.”

And there we twain are left, and no more work  
we need :  
“ And I am left alone, and who my work shall  
heed ? ”

Ah ! I praise thee, Love, for utter joyance won !  
“ And is my praise nought worth for all my  
life undone ? ”

*William Morris.*

XXV

HER HEAVEN

IF to grow old in Heaven is to grow young,  
(As the Seer saw and said), then blest were he  
With youth for evermore, whose heaven should be  
True Woman, she whom these weak notes have  
sung.

Here and hereafter,—choir-strains of her tongue—  
Sky-spaces of her eyes,—sweet signs that flee  
About her soul's immediate sanctuary,—  
Were Paradise all uttermost worlds among.

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill  
Like any hillflower ; and the noblest troth  
Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's promise  
clothe

Even yet those lovers who have cherished still  
This test for love :—in every kiss sealed fast  
To feel the first kiss and forebode the last.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

XXVI

THE NEW LOVE AND THE OLD

I MADE another garden, yea,  
For my new Love :  
I left the dead rose where it lay  
And set the new above.

Why did my Summer not begin ?  
Why did my heart not haste ?  
My old Love came and walk'd therein,  
And laid the garden waste.

She enter'd with her weary smile,  
Just as of old ;  
She look'd around a little while  
And shiver'd with the cold :  
Her passing touch was death to all,  
Her passing look a blight ;  
She made the white rose-petals fall,  
And turn'd the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass  
Seem'd like a snake  
That bit the grass and ground, alas !  
And a sad trail did make.  
She went up slowly to the gate,  
And then, just as of yore,  
She turn'd back at the last to wait  
And say farewell once more.

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

XXVII

MARIAN

SHE can be as wise as we,  
And wiser when she wishes ;  
She can knit with cunning wit,  
And dress the homely dishes.

She can flourish staff or pen  
And deal a wound that lingers ;  
She can talk the talk of men,  
And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her ye across the sea,  
Natures fond and fiery ;  
Ye who zest the turtle's nest  
With the eagle's eyrie.  
Soft and loving is her soul,  
Swift and lofty soaring ;  
Mixing with its dove-like dole  
Passionate adoring.

Such a she who'll match with me ?  
In flying or pursuing,  
Subtle wiles are in her smiles  
To set the world a-wooing.  
She is steadfast as a star,  
And yet the maddest maiden :  
She can wage a gallant war,  
And give the peace of Eden.

*George Meredith.*

XXVIII

A MATCH

IF love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,

Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or grey grief ;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are  
That get sweet rain at noon ;  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death,  
We'd shine and snow together  
Ere March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath ;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We'd play for lives and seasons  
With loving looks and treasons  
And tears of night and morrow  
And laughs of maid and boy ;  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy. -

If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady  
And night were bright like day ;  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying-feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein ;  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

XXIX

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

I WONDER do you feel to-day  
As I have felt since, hand in hand,  
We sat down on the grass, to stray  
In spirit better through the land,  
This morn of Rome and May ?  
For me, I touched a thought, I know,  
Has tantalized me many times,  
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw  
Mocking across our path) for rhymes  
To catch at and let go.



Help me to hold it ! First it left  
The yellowing fennel, run to seed  
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,  
Some old tomb's ruin : yonder weed  
Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange cup amassed  
Five beetles,—blind and green they grope  
Among the honey-meal : and last,  
Everywhere on the grassy slope  
I traced it. Hold it fast !

The champaign with its endless fleece  
Of feathery grasses everywhere !  
Silence and passion, joy and peace,  
An everlasting wash of air—  
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life here, through such lengths of hours,  
Such miracles performed in play,  
Such primal naked forms of flowers,  
Such letting nature have her way  
: While heaven looks from its towers !

How say you ? Let us, O my dove,  
Let us be unashamed of soul,  
As earth lies bare to heaven above !  
How is it under our control  
To love or not to love ?

I would that you were all to me,  
You that are just so much, no more.

Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free !  
Where does the fault lie ? What the core  
O' the wound, since wound must be ?

I would I could adopt your will,  
See with your eyes, and set my heart  
Beating by yours, and drink my fill  
At your soul's springs,—your part my part  
In life, for good and ill.

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,  
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,  
Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose  
And love it more than tongue can speak—  
Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far  
Out of that minute ? Must I go  
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,  
Onward, whenever light winds blow,  
Fixed by no friendly star ?

Just when I seemed about to learn !  
Where is the thread now ? Off again !  
The old trick ! Only I discern—  
Infinite passion, and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.

*Robert Browning.*

## XXX

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and  
height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the  
breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## XXXI

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
At either curved point,—what bitter wrong  
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long  
Be here contented ? Think. In mounting higher,  
The angels would press on us, and aspire  
To drop some golden orb of perfect song

Into our deep dear silence. Let us stay  
Rather on earth, Beloved, where the unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## XXXII

YET, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed  
And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,  
Let temple burn, or flax. An equal light  
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed.  
And love is fire ; and when I say at need  
*I love thee . . . mark ! . . . I love thee ! . . . in*  
thy sight

I stand transfigured, glorified aright,  
With conscience of the new rays that proceed  
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing  
low

In love, when love the lowest : meanest creatures  
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.  
And what I feel, across the inferior features  
Of what I am, doth flash itself, and show  
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## XXXIII

## PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

THE rain set early in to-night,  
The sullen wind was soon awake,  
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,  
And did its worst to vex the lake :  
I listened with heart fit to break.  
When glided in Porphyria ; straight  
She shut the cold out and the storm,  
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate  
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;  
Which done, she rose, and from her form  
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,  
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied  
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,  
And, last, she sat down by my side  
And called me. When no voice replied,  
She put my arm about her waist,  
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,  
And all her yellow hair displaced,  
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,  
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,  
Murmuring how she loved me—she  
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,  
To set its struggling passion free  
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,  
And give herself to me for ever.  
But passion sometimes would prevail,  
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain  
A sudden thought of one so pale  
For love of her, and all in vain :  
So, she was come through wind and rain.

Be sure I looked up at her eyes  
Happy and proud ; at last I knew  
Porphyria worshipped me ; surprise  
Made my heart swell, and still it grew  
While I debated what to do.  
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,  
Perfectly pure and good : I found  
A thing to do, and all her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around,  
And strangled her. No pain\*felt she ;  
I am quite sure she felt no pain.  
As a shut bud that holds the bee,  
I warily oped her lids : again  
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.  
And I untightened next the tress  
About her neck ; her cheek once more  
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss :  
I propped her head up as before,  
Only, this time my shoulder bore  
Her head, which droops upon it still :  
The smiling rosy little head,  
So glad it has its utmost will,  
That all it scorned at once is fled,  
And I, its love, am gained instead !  
Porphyria's Love : she guessed not how  
Her darling one wish would be heard.  
And thus we sit together now,  
And all night long we have not stirred,  
And yet God has not said a word !

*Robert Browning.*

## XXXIV

## A FAREWELL

THERE lived a singer in France of old  
By the tideless dolorous midland sea.  
In a land of sand and ruin and gold  
There shone one woman, and none but she.  
And finding life for her love's sake fail,  
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,  
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,  
And praised 'God, seeing ; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace :  
For she bowed down to him weeping, and said  
" Live ; " and her tears were shed on his face  
Or ever the life in his face was shed.  
The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung  
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung  
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space ;  
And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.  
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.  
Be well content as the years wear through ;  
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures ;  
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,  
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,  
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,  
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest, and be glad of the gods ; but I,  
How shall I praise them, or how take rest ?  
There is not room under all the sky  
For me that know not of worst or best,

Dream or desire of the days before,  
Sweet things or bitterness, any more.  
Love will not come to me now though I die,  
As love came close to you, breast to breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses ;  
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown  
strong  
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,  
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.  
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes  
fire,  
Face to face with its own desire :  
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes ;  
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,  
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,  
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,  
The music burning at heart like wine,  
An armed archangel whose hands raise up  
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup  
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—  
These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard  
Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife ;  
Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,  
Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.  
Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep  
Than overwatching of eyes that weep,  
Now time has done with his one sweet word,  
The wine and leaven of lovely life.



I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,  
 Fill the days of my daily breath  
 With fugitive things not good to treasure,  
 Do as the world doth, say as it saith ;  
 But if we had loved each other—O sweet,  
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,  
 The heart of my heart, beating harder with  
     pleasure  
 To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given  
 All that life gives and the years let go,  
 The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,  
 The dreams reared high and the hopes brought  
     low ?  
 Come life, come death, not a word be said ;  
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead ?  
 I never shall tell you on earth ; and in heaven,  
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or know ?

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

XXXV

MARIANA .

“ Mariana in the moated grange.”

*Measure for Measure.*

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots  
 Were thickly crusted, one and all :  
 The rusted nails fell from the knots  
 That held the pear to the gable-wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange .

Unlifted was the clinking latch ;

Weeded and worn the ancient thatch

Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, " My life is dreary,

He cometh not," she said ;

She said, " I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead ! "

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;

Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;

She could not look on the sweet heaven,

Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,

When thickest dark did trance the sky,

She drew her casement-curtain by,

And glanced athwart the glooming flats.

She only said, " The night is dreary,

He cometh not," she said ;

She said, " I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead ! "

Upon the middle of the night,

Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :

The cock sung out an hour ere light :

From the dark fen the oxen's low

Came to her : without hope of change,

In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,

Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn

About the lonely moated grange.

She only said, " The day is dreary,

He cometh not," she said ;

She said, " I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead ! "

About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.  
Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
All silver-green with gnarled bark :  
For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.  
She only said, " My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead ! "

And ever when the moon was low,  
And the shrill winds were up and away,  
In the white curtain, to and fro,  
She saw the gusty shadow sway.  
But when the moon was very low,  
And wild winds bound within their cell,  
The shadow of the poplar fell  
Upon her bed, across her brow.  
She only said, " The night is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead ! "

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;  
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,  
Or from the crevice peer'd about.  
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.

She only said, " My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead ! "

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour  
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.  
Then, said she, " I am very dreary,  
He will not come," she said ;  
She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,  
Oh God, that I were dead ! "

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

XXXVI

REMEMBRANCE

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled  
above thee,  
Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave !  
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,

Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves  
cover

Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,  
From those brown hills, have melted into spring :  
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers  
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,  
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;  
Other desires and other hopes beset me,  
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,  
No second morn has ever shone for me ;  
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,  
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,  
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;  
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;  
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,  
How could I seek the empty world again ?

*Emily Brontë.*

XXXVII

ROSE AYLMER

AH, what avails the sceptred race !  
Ah, what the form divine !  
What every virtue, every grace !  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

*Walter Savage Landor.*

XXXVIII

MODERN LOVE

IN our old shipwrecked days there was an hour,  
When in the firelight steadily aglow,  
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow  
Among the clicking coals. Our library-bower  
That eve was left to us : and hushed we sat  
As lovers to whom Time is whispering.  
From sudden - opened doors we heard them  
sing :  
The nodding elders mixed good wine with chat.

Well knew we that Life's greatest treasure lay  
With us, and of it was our talk. " Ah, yes !  
Love dies ! " I said : I never thought it less.  
She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.  
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found  
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift  
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift—  
Now am I haunted by that taste ! that sound !

*George Meredith.*

XXXIX

MARK where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like  
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave !  
Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave ;  
Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and  
    strike,  
And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand :  
In hearing of the ocean, and in sight  
Of those ribbed wind-streaks running into white.

If I the death of Love had deeply planned,  
I never could have made it half so sure  
As by the unblest kisses which upbraid  
The full-waked sense ; or failing that, degrade !  
'Tis morning : but no morning can restore  
What we have forfeited. I see no sin :  
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,  
No villain need be ! Passions spin the plot :  
We are betrayed by what is false within.

*George Meredith.*

## XL

WE saw the swallows gathering in the sky,  
And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.  
We had not to look back on summer joys,  
Or forward to a summer of bright dye :  
But in the largeness of the evening earth  
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.  
The hour became her husband and my bride.  
Love, that had robbed us so, thus blessed our  
dearth !

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud  
In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood  
Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood  
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.  
Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,  
This little moment mercifully gave,  
And still I see across the twilight wave  
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

*George Meredith.*

## XLI

THUS piteously Love closed what he begat :  
The union of this ever-diverse pair !  
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,  
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.  
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,  
They wandered once ; clear as the dew on flowers :  
But they fed not on the advancing hours :  
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.



Then each applied to each that fatal knife,  
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.  
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul  
When hot for certainties in this our life !—  
In tragic hints here see what evermore  
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,  
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,  
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore !

*George Meredith.*

XLII

TWICE

I TOOK my heart in my hand  
    (O my love, O my love),  
I said : Let me fall or stand,  
    Let me live or die,  
But this once hear me speak—  
    (O my love, O my love)—  
Yet a woman's words are weak ;  
    You should speak, not I.

You took my heart in your hand  
    With a friendly smile,  
With a critical eye you scanned,  
    Then set it down,  
And said : It is still unripe,  
    Better wait awhile ;  
Wait while the skylarks pipe,  
    Till the corn grows brown.

As you set it down it broke—  
    Broke, but I did not wince ;  
I smiled 'at the speech you spoke,  
    At your judgment that I heard :  
But I have not often smiled  
    Since then, nor questioned since,  
Nor cared for corn-flowers wild,  
    Nor sung with the singing bird.

I take my heart in my hand,  
    O my God, O my God,  
My broken heart in my hand :  
    Thou hast seen, judge 'Thou.  
My hope was written on sand,  
    O my God, O my God :  
Now let Thy judgment stand—  
    Yea, judge me now.

This contemned of a man,  
    This marred one heedless day,  
This heart take 'Thou to scan  
    Both within and without :  
Refine with fire its gold,  
    Purge 'Thou its dross away—  
Yea, hold it in Thy hold,  
    Whence none can pluck it out.

I take my heart in my hand—  
    I shall not die, but live—  
Before Thy face I stand ;  
    I, for Thou callest such :

All that I have I bring,  
All that I am I give,  
Smile Thou and I shall sing,  
But shall not question much.

*Christina Rossetti.*

XLIII

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,  
Since now at length my fate I know,  
Since nothing all my love avails,  
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,  
Since this was written and needs must be—  
My whole heart rises up to bless  
Your name in pride and thankfulness !  
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim  
Only a memory of the same,  
—And this beside, if you will not blame,  
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers ;  
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs  
When pity would be softening through,  
Fixed me a breathing-while or two

With life or death in the balance : right !  
The blood replenished me again ;  
My last thought was at least not vain :  
I and my mistress, side by side  
Shall be together, breathe and ride,  
So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-night ?

Hush ! if you saw some western cloud  
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed  
By many benedictions—sun's  
And moon's and evening-star's at once—

And so, you, looking and loving best,  
Conscious grew, your passion drew  
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,  
Down on you, near and yet more near,  
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here !—  
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear !  
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul  
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll  
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.  
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry ?  
Had I said that, had I done this,  
So might I gain, so might I miss.  
Might she have loved me ? just as well  
She might have hated, who can tell !  
Where had I been now if the worst befell ?  
And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds ?  
Why, all men strive and who succeeds ?  
We rode ; it seemed my spirit flew,  
Saw other regions, cities new,  
As the world rushed by on either side.  
I thought,—All labour, yet no less  
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.

Look at the end of work, contrast  
The petty done, the undone vast,  
This present of theirs with the hopeful past.  
I hoped she would love me ; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired ?  
What heart alike conceived and dared ?  
What act proved all its thought had been ?  
What will but felt the fleshly screen ?

We ride and I see her bosom heave.  
There's many a crown for who can reach.  
"Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !  
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,  
A soldier's doing ! what atones ?  
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.  
My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet ? Well,  
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell  
What we felt only ; you expressed  
You hold things beautiful the best,  
And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.  
'Tis something, nay 'tis much : but then,  
Have you yourself what's best for men ?  
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—  
Nearer one whit your own sublime  
Than we who never have turned a rhyme ?  
Sing, riding's a joy ! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave  
A score of years to Art, her slave,  
And that's your Venus, whence we turn  
To yonder girl that fords the burn !

You acquiesce, and shall I repine ?  
What, man of music, you grown grey  
With notes and nothing else to say,  
Is this your sole praise from a friend,  
“ Greatly his opera strains intend,  
But in music we know how fashions end ! ”

I gave my youth ; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us ? Had fate  
Proposed bliss here should sublimate  
My being—had I signed the bond—  
Still one must lead some life beyond,

Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.  
This foot once planted on the goal,  
'This glory-garland round my soul,  
Could I descry such ? Try and test !  
I sink back shuddering from the quest.  
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best ?

Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long !  
What if heaven be that, fair and strong  
At life's best, with our eyes upturned  
Whither life's flower is first discerned,

We, fixed so, ever should so abide ?  
What if we still ride on, we two  
With life for ever old yet new,  
Changed not in kind but in degree,  
The instant made eternity,—  
And heaven just prove that I and she  
Ride, ride together, for ever ride ?

*Robert Browning.*

## XLIV

## CHILD'S SONG

WHAT is gold worth, say,  
Worth for work or play,  
Worth to keep or pay,  
Hide or throw away,  
    Hope about or fear ?  
What is love worth, pray ?  
    Worth a tear ?

Golden on the mould  
Lie the dead leaves roll'd  
Of the wet woods old,  
Yellow leaves and cold,  
    Woods without a dove ;  
Gold is worth but gold ;  
    Love's worth love.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

## XLV

## MEETING AT NIGHT

THE grey sea and the long black land ;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low ;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the sluchy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts beating each to each !

*Robert Browning.*

XLVI

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim .  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.

*Robert Browning.*

XLVII

A GREETING

BUT once or twice we met, touched hands,  
To-day between us both expands  
A waste of tumbling waters wide,—  
A waste by me as yet untried,  
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

Time like a despot speeds his sands :  
A year he blots, a day he brands ;  
We walked, we talked by Thamis' side  
But once or twice.



What makes a friend ? What filmy strands  
Are these that turn to iron bands ?

What knot is this so firmly tied  
That naught but fate can now divide ?—  
Ah, these are things one understands  
But once or twice.

*Austin Dobson.*

XLVIII

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

WHERE the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,  
Miles and miles  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
Half-asleep  
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop  
As they crop—  
Was the site once of a city great and gay,  
(So they say)  
Of our country's very capital, its prince  
Ages since  
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far  
Peace or war.

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,  
As you see,  
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills  
From the hills  
Intersect and give a name to (else they run  
Into one)

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires  
    Up like fires  
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall  
    Bounding all,  
Made of marble, men might march on nor be  
    pressed  
    Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass  
    Never was !  
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads  
    And embeds  
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,  
    Stock or stone—  
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe  
    Long ago ;  
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of  
    shame  
    Struck them tame ;  
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold  
    Bought and sold.

Now,—the single little turret that remains  
    On the plains,  
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd  
    Overscored,  
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom  
    winks  
    Through the chinks—  
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient  
    time  
    Sprang sublime,

And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced\*  
    As they raced,  
And the monarch and his minions and his dames  
    Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve  
    Smiles to leave  
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece  
    In such peace,  
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey  
    Melt away—  
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair  
    Waits me there  
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul  
    For the goal,  
When the king looked, where she looks now,  
    breathless, dumb  
    Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,  
    Far and wide,  
All the mountains topped with temples, all the  
    glades'  
    Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,  
    All the men !  
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,  
    Either hand  
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace  
    Of my face,  
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech  
    Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth  
    South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high  
    As the sky,  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—  
    Gold, of course.  
Oh heart ! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns !  
    Earth's returns  
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin !  
    Shut them in,  
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest !  
    Love is best.

*Robert Browning.*

XLIX

TO MARGUERITE

Yes ! in the sea of life enisled,  
With echoing straits between us thrown,  
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
We mortal millions live *alone*.  
The islands feel the enclapping flow,  
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,  
And they are swept by balms of spring,  
And in their glens, on starry nights,  
The nightingales divinely sing ;  
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
Across the sounds and channels pour—

Oh ! then a longing like despair  
Is to their farthest caverns sent ;  
For surely once, they feel, we were  
Parts of a single continent !  
Now round us spreads the watery plain—  
Oh might our marges meet again !

Who order'd, that their longing's fire  
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?  
Who renders vain their deep desire ?  
A God, a God their severance ruled !  
And bade betwixt their shores to be  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

*Matthew Arnold.*

L

SAPPHO

ALL the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,  
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,  
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron  
Stood and beheld me.

Then to me so lying awake a vision  
Came without sleep over the seas and touched me,  
Softly touched mine eyelids and lips ; and I too,  
Full of the vision,

Saw the white implacable Aphrodite,  
Saw the hair unbound and the feet unsandalled  
Shine as fire of sunset on western waters ;  
Saw the reluctant

Feet, the straining plumes of the doves that drew  
her,  
Looking always, looking with necks reverted,  
Back to Lesbos, back to the hills whereunder  
Shone Mitylene ;

Heard the flying feet of the Loves behind her  
Make a sudden thunder upon the waters,  
As the thunder flung from the strong unclosing  
Wings of a great wind.

So the goddess fled from her place, with awful  
Sound of feet and thunder of wings around her ;  
While behind a clamour of singing women  
Severed the twilight.

Ah the singing, ah the delight, the passion !  
All the Loves wept, listening ; sick with anguish,  
Stood the crowned nine Muses about Apollo ;  
Fear was upon them,

While the tenth sang wonderful things they knew  
not.  
Ah the tenth, the Lesbian ! the nine were silent,  
None endured the sound of her song for weeping  
Laurel by laurel,

Faded all their crowns ; but about her forehead,  
Round her woven tresses and ashen temples  
White as dead snow, paler than grass in summer,  
Ravaged with kisses,

Shone a light of fire as a crown for ever.  
Yea, almost the implacable Aphrodite  
Paused, and almost wept; such a song was that song.  
    Yea, by her name too

Called her, saying, " Turn to me, O my Sappho " ;  
Yet she turned her face from the Loves, she saw  
    not  
Tears for laughter darken immortal eyelids,  
    Heard, not about her

Fearful fitful wings of the doves departing,  
Saw not how the bosom of Aphrodite  
Shook with weeping, saw not her shaken raiment,  
    Saw not her hands wrung ;

Saw the Lesbians kissing across their smitten  
Lutes with lips more sweet than the sound of  
    lute-strings,  
Mouth to mouth and hand upon hand, her chosen,  
    Fairer than all men ;

Only saw the beautiful lips and fingers,  
Full of songs and kisses and little whispers,  
Full of music ; only beheld among them  
    Soar, as a bird soars

Newly fledged, her visible song, a marvel,  
Made of perfect sound and exceeding passion,  
Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,  
    Clothed with the wind's wings.

Then rejoiced she, laughing with love, and  
scattered

Roses, awful roses of holy blossom ;

Then the Loves thronged sadly with hidden faces  
Round Aphrodite,

Then the Muses, stricken at heart, were silent ;

Yea, the gods waxed pale ; such a song was that  
song.

All reluctant, all with a fresh repulsion,  
Fled from before her.

All withdrew long since, and the land was barren,  
Full of fruitless women and music only.

Now perchance, when winds are assuaged at sunset,  
Lulled at the dewfall,

By the grey sea-side, unassuaged, unheard of,

Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,

Ghosts of outcast women return lamenting,

Purged not in Lethe,

Clothed about with flame and with tears, and  
singing •

Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,

Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,

Hearing, to hear them.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*



## L.I

## THE PRISONER

STILL, let my tyrants know, I am not doomed to  
wear

Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair ;  
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,  
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with western winds, with evening's  
wandering airs,  
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the  
thickest stars.

Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,  
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with  
desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,  
When joy grew mad with awe, at counting future  
tears :

When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,  
I knew not whence they came, from sun or  
thunderstorm.

But, first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm  
descends ;

The struggle of distress and fierce impatience  
ends ;

Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered  
harmony

That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible ; the Unseen its truth  
    reveals,  
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence  
    feels ;  
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour  
    found,  
Measuring the gulph, it stoops and dares the final  
    bound.

Oh ! dreadful is the check—intense the agony—  
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins  
    to see ;  
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think  
    again ;  
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the  
    chain.

Yet would I lose no sting, would wish no torture  
    less ;  
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will  
    bless ;  
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly  
    shine,  
If it but herald Death, the vision is divine.

*Emily Brontë.*

LII

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—

The veriest school  
Of peace ; and yet the fool  
Contentds that God is not—  
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?  
Nay, but I have a sign ;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

*Thomas Edward Brown.*

LIII

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's  
edge—  
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice  
over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower—  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower.

*Robert Browning.*

## LIV

## THE REVENGE

## A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

## I

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnacle like a flutter'd bird, came flying  
from far away :

" Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted  
fifty-three ! "

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : " 'Fore God  
I am no coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are  
out of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but  
follow quick.

We are six ships of the line ; can we fight ' with  
fifty-three ? "

## 2

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : " I know you  
are no coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them  
again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick  
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them,  
my Lord Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of  
Spain."

## 3

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war  
that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer  
heaven ;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men  
from the land

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below ;

For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain that they were  
not left to Spain,

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of  
the Lord.

## 4

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship  
and to fight,

And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard  
came in sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the  
weather bow.

" Shall we fight or shall we fly ?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die !

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be  
set."

And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good  
English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of  
the devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil  
yet."

5

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd  
a hurrah, and so

The little *Revenge* ran on sleek into the heart of  
the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety  
sick below ;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the  
left were seen,

And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-  
lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from  
their decks and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the  
mad little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen  
hundred tons,

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning  
tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## 7

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above  
us like a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the  
starboard lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## 8

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought  
herself and went  
Having that within her womb that had left her  
ill content ;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought  
us hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and  
musqueteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that  
shakes his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

## 9

And the sun went down, and the stars came out  
far over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one  
and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-  
built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her  
battle-thunder and flame ;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back  
with her dead and her shame.  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and  
so could fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the  
world before ?

## 10

For he said " Fight on ! fight on ! "  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short  
summer night was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the  
deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it  
suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and  
the head,  
And he said " Fight on ! fight on ! "

## 11

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out  
far over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round  
us all in a ring ;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd  
that we still could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be.



And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate  
    strife ;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of  
    them stark and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the  
    powder was all of it spent ;  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over  
    the side ;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
“ We have fought such a fight for a day and a  
    night  
As may never be fought again !  
We have won great glory, my men !  
And a day less or more  
At sea or ashore,  
We die—does it matter when ?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her,  
    split her in twain !  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of  
    Spain ! ”

## 12

And the gunner said, “ Ay, ay,” but the seamen  
    made reply :  
“ We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield,  
    to let us go ;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another  
blow."  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to  
the foe.

13

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship  
bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard  
caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their  
courtly foreign grace ;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :  
" I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant  
man and true ;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die ! "  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

14

And they stared at the dead that had been so  
valiant and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain  
so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his  
English few ;  
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught  
they knew,  
But they sank his body with honour down into  
the deep,  
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier  
alien crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for  
her own ;  
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd  
awoke from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to  
moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an  
earthquake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and  
their masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-  
shatter'd navy of Spain,  
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the  
island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## LV

## DARK ROSALEEN

O MY Dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep !  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march along the deep.  
There's wine from the royal Pope,  
Upon the ocean green ;  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over hills, and thro' dales,  
Have I roam'd for your sake ;  
All yesterday I sail'd with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne, at its highest flood,  
I dash'd across unseen.  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
O, there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lighten'd thro' my blood  
My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,  
To and fro do I move.  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, love !  
The heart in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my Queen,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
Are my lot, night and noon,  
To see your bright face clouded so,  
Like to the mournful moon.

But yet will I rear your throne  
Again in golden sheen ;  
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,  
Will I fly, for your weal :  
Your holy delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home, in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn till e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My fond Rosaleen !  
You'll think of me thro' daylight hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills,  
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,  
To heal your many ills !  
And one beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My fond Rosaleen !  
Would give me life and soul anew.  
A second life, a soul anew,  
My Dark Rosaleen !

O, the Erne shall run red,  
With redundancy of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood,  
And gun-peal and slogan-cry  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My Dark Rosaleen !  
My own Rosaleen !  
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
My Dark Rosaleen !

*James Clarence Mangan.*

## LVI

## THE EAGLE

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands ;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands. ~

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## LVII

## SUMMER EVENING

THE frog half fearful jumps across the path,  
And little mouse that leaves its hole at eve  
Nimbles with timid dread beneath the swath ;  
My rustling steps awhile their joys deceive,  
Till past,—and then the cricket sings more strong,  
And grasshoppers in merry moods still wear  
The short night weary with their fretting song.  
Up from behind the molehill jumps the hare,  
Cheat of his chosen bed, and from the bank  
The yellowhammer flutters in short fears  
From off its nest hid in the grasses rank,  
And drops again when no more noise it hears.  
Thus nature's human link and endless thrall,  
Proud man, still seems the enemy of all.

*John Clare.*

## LVIII

## THE HEART AND NATURE

THE lake is calm ; and, calm, the skies  
In yonder cloudless sunset glow,  
Where, o'er the woodland, homeward flies  
The solitary crow ;  
  
No moan the cushat makes to heave  
A leaflet round her windless nest ;  
The air is silent in the eve ;  
The world's at rest.

All bright below ; all pure above ;  
No sense of pain, no sign of wrong ;  
Save in thy heart of hopeless love,  
Poor Child of Song !

Why must the soul through Nature rove,  
At variance with her general plan ?  
A stranger to the Power, whose love  
Soothes all save Man ?

Why lack the strength of meaner creatures ?  
The wandering sheep, the grazing kine,  
Are surer of their simple natures  
Than I of mine.

For all their wants the poorest land  
Affords supply ; they browse and breed .  
I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,  
What most I need.

O God, that in this human heart  
Hast made belief so hard to grow,  
And set the doubt, the pang, the smart  
In all we know—

Why hast thou, too, in solemn jest  
At this tormented Thinking-power,  
Inscribed, in flame on yonder West,  
In hues on every flower,

Through all the vast unthinking sphere  
Of mere material Force without,  
Rebuke so vehement and severe  
To the least doubt ?



And robed the world, and hung the night,  
With silent, stern, and solemn forms ;  
And strown with sounds of awe, and might,  
The seas and storms ;—

All lacking power to impart  
To man the secret he assails,  
But arm'd to crush him, if his heart  
Once doubts or fails !

To make him feel the same forlorn  
Despair, the Fiend hath felt ere now,  
In gazing at the stern sweet scorn  
On Michael's brow ?

*Edward Robert, first Earl of Lytton.*

LIX

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## LX

THEY say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank  
deep,

And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen ?

*Edward FitzGerald.*

## LXI

## DREAM LAND

WHERE sunless rivers weep  
Their waves into the deep,  
She sleeps a charmed sleep :  
    Awake her not.  
Led by a single star,  
She came from very far  
To seek where shadows are  
    Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,  
She left the fields of corn,  
For twilight cold and lorn  
    And water springs.  
Through sleep, as through a veil,  
She sees the sky look pale,  
And hears the nightingale  
    That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest,  
Shed over brow and breast ;  
Her face is toward the west,  
    The purple land.  
She cannot see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain ;  
She cannot feel the rain  
    Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore  
Upon a mossy shore ;  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
Till time shall cease :  
Sleep that no pain shall wake ;  
Night that no morn shall break  
Till joy shall overtake  
Her perfect peace.

*Christina Rossetti.*

LXII

MAY AND DEATH

I WISH that when you died last May,  
Charles, there had died along with you  
Three parts of spring's delightful things ;  
Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps !  
There must be many a pair of friends  
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm  
Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sake, be May still May !  
Let their new time, as mine of old,  
Do all it did for me : I bid  
Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant,  
Woods have in May, that starts up green  
Save a sole streak which, so to speak,  
Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves between.

That, they might spare ; a certain wood  
Might miss the plant ; their loss were small  
But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,  
Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

*Robert Browning.*

## LXIII

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## LXIV

## DEPARTURE

It was not like your great and gracious ways.  
Do you, that have nought other to lament,  
Never, my Love, repent  
Of how, that July afternoon,  
You went,  
With sudden, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,  
Upon your journey of so many days,  
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye ?  
I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon ;  
And so we sate, within the low sun's rays,  
You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,  
Your harrowing praise.  
Well, it was well,  
To hear you such things speak,  
And I could tell  
What made your eyes a glowing gloom of love,  
As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.  
And it was like your great and gracious ways  
To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,  
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash  
To let the laughter flash,  
Whilst I drew near,  
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely  
hear.  
But all at once to leave me at the last,  
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,  
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,

And go your journey of all days  
With not one kiss, or a good-bye,  
And the only loveless look the look with which  
you pass'd :

'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

*Coventry Patmore.*

LXV

REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew !  
In quiet she reposes ;  
Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required ;  
She bathed it in smiles of glee.  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound.  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,  
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.  
To-night it doth inherit  
The vasty hall of death.

*Matthew Arnold.*

LXVI

CALM is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only thro' the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



## LXVII

## THE PORTRAIT

THIS is her picture as she was :

It seems a thing to wonder on,  
As though mine image in the glass  
Should tarry when myself am gone.

I gaze until she seems to stir,  
Until mine eyes almost aver

That now, even now, the sweet lips part  
To breathe the words of the sweet heart :—  
And yet the earth is over her.

Alas ! even such the thin-drawn ray

That makes the prison-depths more rude,—  
The drip of water night and day  
Giving a tongue to solitude.

Yet only this, of love's whole prize,  
Remains ; save what in mournful guise  
Takes counsel with my soul alone,—  
Save what is secret and unknown,  
Below the earth, above the skies.

In painting her I shrined her face  
'Mid mystic trees, where light falls in  
Hardly at all ; a covert place

Where you might think to find a din  
Of doubtful talk, and a live flame  
Wandering, and many a shape whose name  
Not itself knoweth, and old dew,  
And your own footsteps meeting you,  
And all things going as they came.

\* A deep dim wood ; and there she stands  
As in that wood that day : for so  
Was the still movement of her hands  
And such the pure line's gracious flow.  
And passing fair the type must seem,  
Unknown the presence and the dream.  
'Tis she : though of herself, alas !  
Less than her shadow on the grass  
Or than her image in the stream.

That day we met there, I and she  
One with the other all alone ;  
And we were blithe ; yet memory  
Saddens those hours, as when the moon  
Looks upon daylight. And with her  
I stooped to drink the spring-water,  
Athirst where other waters sprang :  
And where the echo is, she sang,—  
\* My soul another echo there.

But when that hour my soul won strength  
For words whose silence wastes and kills,  
Dull raindrops smote us, and at length  
Thundered the heat within the hills. \*  
That eve I spoke those words again  
Beside the pelted window-pane ;  
And there she hearkened what I said,  
With under-glances that surveyed  
The empty pastures blind with rain.

Next day the memories of these things,  
Like leaves through which a bird has flown,

Still vibrated with Love's warm wings ;  
Till I must make them all my own  
And paint this picture. So, 'twixt ease  
Of talk and sweet long silences,  
She stood among the plants in bloom  
At windows of a summer room,  
To feign the shadow of the trees.

And as I wrought, while all above  
And all around was fragrant air,  
In the sick burthen of my love  
It seemed each sun-thrilled blossom there  
Beat like a heart among the leaves.  
O heart that never beats nor heaves,  
In that one darkness lying still,  
What now to thee my love's great will  
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves ?

For now doth daylight disavow  
Those days—nought left to see or hear.  
Only in solemn whispers now  
At night-time these things reach mine ear ;  
When the leaf-shadows at a breath  
Shrink in the road, and all the heath,  
Forest and water, far and wide,  
In limpid starlight glorified,  
Lie like the mystery of death.

Last night at last I could have slept,  
And yet delayed my sleep till dawn,  
Still wandering. Then it was I wept :  
For unawares I came upon

Those glades where once she walked with me,  
And as I stood there suddenly,  
    All wan with traversing the night,  
    Upon the desolate verge of light  
Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea.

Even so, where Heaven holds breath and hears  
    The beating heart of Love's own breast,—  
Where round the secret of all spheres  
    All angels lay their wings to rest,—  
How shall my soul stand rapt and awed,  
When, by the new birth borne abroad  
    Throughout the music of the suns,  
    It enters in her soul at once  
And knows the silence there for God !

Here with her face doth memory sit  
    Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,  
Till other eyes shall look from it,  
    Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,  
Even than the old gaze tenderer :  
While hopes and aims long lost with her  
    Stand round her image side by side,  
    Like tombs of pilgrims that have died  
About the Holy Sepulchre.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

## LXVIII

## THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill ;  
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes !  
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,  
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,  
Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head.  
But when the fields are still,  
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,  
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen  
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd  
green,  
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest !

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—  
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves  
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,  
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,  
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to  
use—  
Here will I sit and wait,  
While to my ear from uplands far away  
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,  
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—  
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,  
And here till sundown, shepherd ! will I be.  
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies  
peep,

And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see  
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep ;  
And air-swept lindens yield  
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed  
showers  
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,  
And bower me from the August sun with  
shade ;  
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glauvil's book—  
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again !  
The story of the Oxford scholar poor,  
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,  
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,  
One summer-morn forsook  
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,  
And roam'd the world with that wild brother-  
hood,  
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,  
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,  
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,  
Met him, and of his way of life enquired ;  
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,  
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired  
The workings of men's brains,  
And they can bind them to what thoughts they  
will.  
“ And I,” he said, “ the secret of their art,  
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart ;  
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.”

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.  
But rumours hung about the country-side,  
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,  
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,  
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,  
The same the gipsies wore.  
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;  
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,  
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd  
boors  
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.  
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,  
And put the shepherds, wanderer ! on thy  
trace ;  
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the  
rooks  
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place ;  
Or in my boat I lie  
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,  
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine  
fills,  
And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner  
hills,  
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !  
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,  
Returning home on summer-nights, have met  
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,  
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,  
As the punt's rope chops round ;

And leaning backward in a pensive dream,  
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers  
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood  
bowers,  
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more !—  
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come  
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,  
Oft through the darkening fields, have seen thee  
roam,  
Or cross a stile into the public way.  
Oft thou hast given them store  
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,  
Dark bluebells drench'd with dew of summer  
eves,  
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—  
But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's  
here  
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,  
Men who through those wide fields of breezy  
grass  
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glitter-  
ing Tharthes,  
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,  
Have often pass'd thee near  
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown ;  
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,  
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—  
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast  
gone !



At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,  
Where at her open door the housewife darns,  
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate  
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.  
Children, who early range these slopes and  
late  
For cresses from the rills,  
Have known thee eying, all an April-day,  
The springing pastures and the feeding kine ;  
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out  
and shine,  
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—  
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way  
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you  
see  
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,  
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly—  
The blackbird, picking food,  
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all ;  
So often has he known thee past him stray,  
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,  
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill  
Where home through flooded fields foot-  
travellers go,  
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,  
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,  
Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge ?  
And thou hast climb'd the hill,

And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range ;  
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snow-  
flakes fall,  
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—  
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd  
grange.

But what—I dream ! Two hundred years are  
flown  
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,  
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe  
That thou wert wander'd from the studious  
walls  
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe ;  
And thou from earth art gone  
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—  
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown  
grave  
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,  
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours !  
For what wears out the life of mortal men ?  
'Tis that from change to change their being  
rolls ;  
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,  
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls  
And numb the elastic powers.  
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,  
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,  
To the just-pausing Genius we remit  
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish,  
so ?

Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire ;  
Else wert thou long since number'd with the  
dead !

Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire ?  
The generations of thy peers are fled,

And we ourselves shall go ;  
But thou possessest an immortal lot,  
And we imagine thee exempt from age  
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,  
Because thou hadst—what we, alas ! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers  
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,  
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;  
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,  
Which much to have tried, in much been  
baffled, brings.

O life unlike to ours !  
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,  
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he  
strives,  
And each half-lives a hundred different lives ;  
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven ! and we,  
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,  
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,  
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,  
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd ;  
For whom each year we see

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;  
Who hesitate and falter life away,  
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—  
Ah ! do not we, wanderer ! await it too ?

Yes, we await it !—but it still delays,  
And then we suffer ! and amongst us one,  
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly  
His seat upon the intellectual throne ;  
And all his store of sad experience he  
Lays bare of wretched days ;  
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,  
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,  
And how the breast was soothed, and how the  
head,  
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest ! and we others pine,  
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,  
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear ;  
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,  
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair—  
But none has hope like thine !  
Thou through the fields and through the woods  
dost stray,  
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,  
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,  
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,  
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;  
Before this strange disease of modern life,

With its sick hurry, its divided aims,  
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was  
rife—

Fly hence, our contact fear !  
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !  
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern  
From her false friend's approach in Hades  
turn,  
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude !

- Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade,  
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,  
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—  
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,  
On some mild pastoral slope  
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales  
Freshen thy flowers as in former years  
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,  
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales !

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !  
For strong the infection of our mental strife,  
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils  
for rest ;  
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,  
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.  
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,  
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy  
powers,  
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made ;  
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,  
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and  
smiles !

—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow

Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,

The fringes of a southward-facing brow

Among the Ægæan isles ;

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,

Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian  
wine,

Green, bursting figs, and turnies steep'd in  
brine—

And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—

And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more  
sail ;

And day and night held on indignantly

O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,

Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,

To where the Atlantic raves

Outside the western straits ; and unbent sails

There, where down cloudy cliffs, through  
sheets of foam,

Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;

And on the beach undid his corded bales.

*Matthew Arnold.*

## LXIX

## THYRSIS

A MONODY, *to commemorate the author's friend,*  
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, *who died at Florence, 1861.*

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills !

In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same ;  
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,  
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,  
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-  
stacks—

Are ye too changed, ye hills ?  
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men  
To-night from Oxford up your pathway  
strays !

Here came I often, often, in old days—  
Thyrsis and I ; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,  
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns  
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset  
flames ?

The signal-elm, that looks on Isley Downs,  
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful  
Thames ?—

This winter-eve is warm,  
Humid the air ! leafless, yet soft as spring,  
The tender purple spray on copse and briers !  
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,  
She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night !—  
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power  
    Befalls me wandering through this upland  
    dim.  
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour ;  
    Now seldom come I, since I came with him.  
    That single elm-tree bright  
Against the west—I miss it ! is it gone ?  
    We prized it dearly ; while it stood, we  
    said,  
    Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead ;  
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,  
    But once I knew each field, each flower, each  
    stick ;  
    And with the country-folk acquaintance made  
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.  
    Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.  
    Ah me ! this many a year  
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday !  
    Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy  
    heart  
    Into the world and wave of men depart ;  
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.  
    He loved each simple joy the country yields,  
    He loved his mates ; but yet he could not  
    keep,  
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,  
    Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.  
    Some life of men unblest



He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his  
head.

He went ; his piping took a troubled sound  
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground ;  
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,  
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
Before the roses and the longest day—  
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor  
With blossoms red and white of fallen May  
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—  
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
From the wet field, through the vext garden-  
trees,  
Come with the volleying rain and tossing  
breeze :  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I !*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?  
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come  
on,  
Soon will the musk carnations break and  
swell,  
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,  
And stocks in fragrant blow ;  
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden-  
trees,  
And the full moon, and the white evening-  
star.

He hearkens not ! light comer, he is flown !  
What matters it ? next year he will return,  
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-  
days,  
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,  
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,  
And scent of hay new-mown.  
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see ;  
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,  
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—  
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee !

Alack, for Corydon no rival now !—  
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,  
Some good survivor with his flute would go,  
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate ;  
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,  
And relax Pluto's brow,  
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head  
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair  
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,  
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace  
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine !  
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,  
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,  
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,  
Each rose with blushing face ;  
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.  
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard !  
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd ;  
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain !

Well ! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,  
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour  
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd  
hill !

Who, if not I, for questing here hath power ?  
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,  
I know the Fyfield tree,  
I know what white, what purple fritillaries  
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,  
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,  
And what set'dged brooks are Thames's tribu-  
taries ;

I know these slopes ; who knows them if not I ?—  
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,  
With thorns once studded, old, white-  
blossom'd trees,  
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried  
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,  
Hath since our day put by  
The coronals of that forgotten time ;  
Down each green bank hath gone the plough-  
boy's team,  
And only in the hidden brookside gleam  
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,  
Above the locks, above the boating throng,  
Unmoor'd our skiff when through the  
Wytham flats,  
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among  
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,  
We track'd the shy Thames shore ?

Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell  
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,  
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass ?—  
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well !

Yes, thou art gone ! and round me too the night  
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.  
I see her veil draw soft across the day,  
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent  
with grey ;  
I feel her finger light  
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;—  
The foot less prompt to meet the morning  
dew,  
The heart less bounding at emotion new,  
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring  
again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short  
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth ;  
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,  
The mountain-tops where is the throne of  
Truth,  
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and  
bare !  
Unbreachable the fort  
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall ;  
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil  
grows,  
And near and real the charm of thy repose,  
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush ! the upland hath a sudden loss  
Of quiet !—Look, adown the dusk hill-side,  
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,  
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride !  
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they  
come.

Quick ! let me fly, and cross  
Into yon farther field !—'Tis done ; and see,  
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify  
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,  
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree ! the Tree !

I take the omen ! Eve lets down her veil,  
'The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,  
'The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,  
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.  
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,  
Yet, happy omen, hail !  
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-vale  
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep  
The morningless and unawakening sleep  
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there !—  
Ah, vain ! These English fields, this upland dim,  
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,  
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him ;  
To a boon southern country he is fled,  
And now in happier air,  
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine  
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,  
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)  
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old !—  
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain  
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,  
For thee the Lityerses-song again  
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth  
sing ;  
Sings his Sicilian fold,  
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—  
And how a call celestial round him rang,  
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he  
sprang,  
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here  
Sole in these fields ! yet will I not despair.  
Despair I will not, while I yet descry  
'Neath the mild canopy of English air  
That lonely tree against the western sky.  
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,  
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee !  
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the  
hay,  
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,  
Know him a wanderer still ; then why not me ?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,  
Shy to illumine ; and I seek it too.  
'This does not come with houses or with  
gold,  
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew ;  
'Tis not in the world's market bought and  
sold—  
But the smooth-slipping weeks

Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired ;  
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,  
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone ;  
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound ;  
Thou wanderest with me for a little hour !  
Men gave thee nothing ; but this happy  
quest,  
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,  
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.  
And this rude Cumner ground,  
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,  
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful  
time,  
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden  
prime !  
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute  
Kept not for long its happy, country tone ;  
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note  
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,  
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy  
throat—  
It fail'd, and thou wast mute !  
Yet hadst thou always visions of our light,  
And long with men of care thou couldst not  
stay,  
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,  
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here !  
 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,  
 Thyrsis ! in reach of sheep-bells is my  
 home.  
 —Then through the great town's harsh, heart-  
 wearying roar,  
 Let in thy voice a whisper often come,  
 To chase fatigue and fear :  
*Why faintest thou ? I wander'd till I died.*  
*Roam on ! The light we sought is shining*  
*still.*  
*Dost thou ask proof ? Our tree yet crowns the*  
*hill,*  
*Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.*  
*Matthew Arnold.*

LXX

FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione  
 row !  
 So they row'd, and there we landed—" O venusta  
 Sirmio !"  
 There to me thrō' all the groves of olive in the  
 summer glow,  
 There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple  
 flowers grow,  
 Came that " Ave atque Vale " of the Poet's  
 hopeless woe,  
 Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred  
 years ago,



“Frater Ave atque Vale”—as we wander’d to  
and fro  
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake  
below,  
Sweet Catullus’ all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmiol  
*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## LXXI

## TO VIRGIL

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest  
Ilion’s lofty temples robed in fire,  
Ilion falling, Rome arising,  
wars, and filial faith, and Dido’s pyre ;

Landscape-lover, lord of language  
more than he that sang the Works and Days,  
All the chosen coin of fancy  
flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,  
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;  
All the charm of all the Muses .  
often flowering in a lonely word ;

Poet of the happy Tityrus  
piping underneath his beechen bowers ;  
Poet of the poet-satyr  
whom the laughing shepherd bound with  
flowers ;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying  
in the blissful years again to be,  
Summers of the snakeless meadow,  
unlaborious earth and oarless sea ;

Thou that seest Universal  
Nature moved by Universal Mind ;  
Thou majestic in thy sadness  
at the doubtful doom of human kind ;

Light among the vanish'd ages ;  
star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;  
Golden branch amid the shadows,  
\* kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;

Now thy Forum roars no longer,  
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—  
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm  
sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,  
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,  
I, from out the Northern Island  
sunder'd once from all the human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano,  
I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the stateliest measure  
ever moulded by the lips of man.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## LXXII

## THE WOODSPURGE

THE wind flapped loose, the wind was still,  
Shaken out dead from tree and hill :  
I had walked on at the wind's will,—  
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—  
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas !  
My hair was over in the grass,  
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run  
Of some ten weeds to fix upon ;  
Among those few, out of the sun,  
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be  
Wisdom or even memory :  
One thing then learnt remains to me,—  
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

## LXXIII

## GRIEF

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless ;  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access

Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness  
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare  
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man,  
express  
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death :  
Most like a monumental statue set  
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,  
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
Touch it : the marble eyelids are not wet ;  
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## LXXIV

## THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

How the moon triumphs through the endless  
nights !

How the stars throb and glitter as they wheel  
Their thick processions of supernal lights  
Around the blue vault obdurate as steel !  
And men regard with passionate awe and yearning  
The mighty marching and the golden burning,  
And think the heavens respond to what they feel.

Boats gliding like dark shadows of a dream,  
Are glorified from vision as they pass  
The quivering moonbridge on the deep black  
stream ;  
Cold windows kindle their dead glooms of glass

To restless crystals ; cornice, dome, and column  
Emerge from chaos in the splendour solemn ;  
Like faëry lakes gleam lawns of dewy grass.

With such a living light these dead eyes shine,  
These eyes of sightless heaven, that as we gaze  
We read a pity, tremulous, divine,  
Or cold majestic scorn in their pure rays :  
Fond man ! they are not haughty, are not tender ;  
There is no heart or mind in all their splendour,  
They thread mere puppets all their marvellous  
maze.

If we could near them with the flight unflown,  
We should but find them worlds as sad as this,  
Or suns all self-consuming like our own  
Enrined by planet worlds as much amiss :  
They wax and wane through fusion and confusion ;  
The spheres eternal are a grand illusion,  
The empyrean is a void abyss.

*James Thomson.*

LXXV

CONFESSIONS

WHAT is he buzzing in my ears ?  
" Now that I come to die,  
Do I view the world as a vale of tears ? "  
Ah, reverend sir, not I !

What I viewed there once, what I view again  
Where the physic bottles stand

On the table's edge, is a suburb lane,  
With a wall to my bedside hand.

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,  
From a house you could descry  
O'er the garden wall : is the curtain blue  
Or green to a healthy eye ?

To mine, it serves for the old June weather  
Blue above land and wall ;  
And that farthest bottle labelled " Ether "  
Is the house o'ertopping all.

At a terrace somewhere near the stopper,  
There watched for me, one June,  
A girl : I know, sir, it's improper,  
My poor mind's out of tune.

Only, there was a way . . . you crept  
Close by the side, to dodge  
Eyes in the house, two eyes except :  
They styled their house " The Lodge."

What right had a lounge up their lane ?  
But, by creeping very close,  
With the good wall's help,—their eyes might strain  
And stretch themselves to Oes,

Yet never catch her and me together,  
As she left the attic, there,  
By the rim of the bottle labelled " Ether,"  
And stole from stair to stair,

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas,  
We loved, sir—used to meet :  
How sad and bad and mad it was—  
But then, how it was sweet !

*Robert Browning.*

LXXVI

THE WOODCUTTER'S NIGHT-SONG

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,  
Dropping lowly in the west ;  
Now my hard day's work is done,  
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,  
Now I'm ready for my chair,  
So, till morrow-morning's come,  
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

Though to leave your pretty song,  
Little birds, it gives me pain,  
Yet to-morrow is not long,  
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about, .  
Well I know how things will be,  
Judy will be looking out  
Every now-and-then for me.

So fare ye well ! and hold your tongues,  
Sing no more until I come ;  
They're not worthy of your songs  
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,  
But, at nights, yon little cot,  
Where I see the chimney smokes,  
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,  
To revive with pleasant looks,  
Table ready set, and chair,  
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,  
When my faggot down I fling,  
Little prattlers they begin  
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,  
Dropping lowly in the west ;  
Now my hard day's work is done,  
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,  
Now I'm ready for my chair,  
So, till morrow-morning's come,  
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

*John Clare.*

LXXVII

WOAK HILL

WHEN sycamore leaves wer a-spreaden  
Green-ruddy in hedges,  
Beside the red doust o' the ridges,  
A-dried at Woak Hill ;



I pack'd up my goods, all a-sheenèn  
Wi' long years o' handlèn,  
On dousty red wheels ov a waggon,  
To ride at Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen ruf o' the dwellèn  
I then wer a-leaven,  
Had shelter'd the sleek head o' Meäry,  
My bride at Woak Hill.

But now vof zome years, her light voot-vall  
'S a-lost vrom the vloorèn.  
To soon vor my jaÿ an' my childern  
She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that, in soul,  
She do hover about us ;  
To ho vor her motherless childern,  
Her pride at Woak Hill.

Zoo—lest she should tell me hereafter  
I stole off 'ithout her,  
An' left her, uncall'd at house-riddèn,  
To bide at Woak Hill—

I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippèns  
All soundless to others,  
An' took her wi' air-reachèn hand  
To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talkèn  
To light at my shoulder,  
An' then led her in at the doorway,  
Miles wide vrom Woak Hill.

An', that's why vo'k thought, vor a season,  
My mind wer a-wand'rèn  
Wi' sorrow, when I wer so sorely  
A-trie'd at Woak Hill.

But no ; that my Meäry mid never  
Behold herzelf slighted,  
I wanted to think that I guided  
My guide vrom Woak Hill.

*William Barnes.*

LXXVIII

THE SANDS OF DEE

“ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee ; ”  
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.  
The rolling mist came down and hid the land  
And never home came she.

“ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drownèd maiden's hair  
Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea :  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee.

*Charles Kingsley.*

LXXIX

A LITTLE while, a little while,  
The weary task is put away,  
And I can sing and I can smile,  
Alike, while I have holiday.

Where wilt thou go, my harassed heart—  
What thought, what scene invites thee now ?  
What spot, or near or far apart,  
Has rest for thee, my weary brow ?

There is a spot, 'mid barren hills,  
Where winter howls, and driving rain ;  
But, if the dreary tempest chills,  
There is a light that warms again.

The house is old, the trees are bare,  
Moonless above bends twilight's dome ;  
But what on earth is half so dear,  
So longed for, as the hearth of home ?

The mute bird sitting on the stone,  
The dank moss dripping from the wall,  
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,  
I love them, how I love them all !

Still, as I mused, the naked room,  
The alien firelight died away ;  
And from the midst of cheerless gloom,  
I passed to bright, unclouded day.

A little and a lone green lane  
That opened on a common wide ;  
A distant, dreamy, dim blue chain  
Of mountains circling every side :

A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,  
So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air ;  
And, deepening still the dream-like charm,  
Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere.

That was the scene, I knew it well ;  
I knew the turfy pathway's sweep,  
That, winding o'er each billowy swell,  
Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep.

Even as I stood with raptured eye,  
Absorbed in bliss so deep and dear,  
My hour of rest had fled by,  
And back came labour, bondage, care.

*Emily Brontë.*

## LXXX

## THE SHRINE

THERE is a shrine whose golden gate  
Was opened by the Hand of God ;  
It stands serene, inviolate,  
Though millions have its pavement trod ;  
As fresh, as when the first sunrise  
Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil  
Of common days, yet should there fall  
A single speck, a single soil  
Upon the whiteness of its wall,  
The angels' tears in tender rain  
Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old,  
But, once within the enchanted door,  
The mists of time are backward rolled,  
And creeds and ages are no more ;  
But all the human-hearted meet  
In one communion vast and sweet.

I enter—all is simply fair,  
Nor incense-clouds, nor carven throne ;  
But in the fragrant morning air  
A gentle lady sits alone ;  
My mother—ah ! whom should I see  
Within, save ever only thee ?

*Digby Mackworth Dolben*

## LXXXI

## MOTHER AND SON

Now sleeps the land of houses,  
and dead night holds the street,  
And there thou liest, my baby,  
and sleepest soft and sweet ;  
My man is away for awhile,  
but safe and alone we lie,  
And none heareth thy breath but thy mother,  
and the moon looking down from the sky  
On the weary waste of the town,  
as it looked on the grass-edged road  
Still warm with yesterday's sun,  
when I left my old abode ;  
Hand in hand with my love,  
that night of all nights in the year ;  
When the river of love o'erflowed  
and drowned all doubt and fear,  
And we two were alone in the world,  
and once if never again,  
We knew of the secret of earth  
and the tale of its labour and pain.

Lo amidst London I lift thee,  
and how little and light thou art,  
And thou without hope or fear  
thou fear and hope of my heart !  
Lo here thy body beginning,  
O son, and thy soul and thy life ;  
But how will it be if thou livest.  
and enterest into the strife,

And in love we dwell together  
when the man is grown in thee,  
When thy sweet speech I shall hearken,  
and yet 'twixt thee and me  
Shall rise that wall of distance,  
that round each one doth grow,  
And maketh it hard and bitter  
each other's thought to know?  
Now, therefore, while yet thou art little  
and hast no thought of thine own,  
I will tell thee a word of the world ;  
of the hope whence thou hast grown ;  
Of the love that once begat thee,  
of the sorrow that hath made  
Thy little heart of hunger,  
and thy hands on my bosom laid.  
Then mayst thou remember hereafter  
as whiles when people say  
All this hath happened before  
in the life of another day ;  
So mayst thou dimly remember  
this tale of thy mother's voice,  
As oft in the calm of dawning  
I have heard the birds rejoice,  
As oft I have heard the storm-wind  
go moaning through the wood ;  
And I knew that earth was speaking,  
and the mother's voice was good.

Now, to thee alone will I tell it  
that thy mother's body is fair,  
In the guise of the country maidens  
who play with the sun and the air ;

Who have stood in the row of the reapers  
in the August afternoon,  
Who have sat by the frozen water  
in the high day of the moon,  
When the lights of the Christmas feasting  
were dead in the house on the hill,  
And the wild geese gone to the salt-marsh  
had left the winter still.  
Yea, I am fair, my firstling ;  
if thou couldst but remember me !  
The hair that thy small hand clutcheth  
is a goodly sight to see ;  
I am true, but my face is a snare ;  
soft and deep are my eyes,  
And they seem for men's beguiling  
fulfilled with the dreams of the wise.  
Kind are my lips, and they look  
as though my soul had learned  
Deep things I have never heard of.  
my face and my hands are burned  
By the lovely sun of the acres ;  
three months of London town  
And thy birth-bed have bleached them indeed,  
" But lo, where the edge of the gown "  
(So said thy father) " is parting  
the wrist that is white as the curd  
From the brown of the hand that I love,  
bright as the wing of a bird."

Such is thy mother, O firstling,  
yet strong as the maidens of old,  
Whose spears and whose swords were the warders  
of homestead, of field and of fold.



Oft were my feet on the highway,  
often they wearied the grass ;  
From dusk unto dusk of the summer  
three times in a week would I pass  
To the downs from the house on the river  
through the waves of the blossoming corn.  
Fair then I lay down in the even,  
and fresh I arose on the morn,  
And scarce in the noon was I weary.  
Ah, son, in the days of thy strife,  
If thy soul could but harbour a dream  
of the blossom of my life !  
It would be as the sunlit meadows  
beheld from a tossing sea,  
And the soul should look on a vision  
of the peace that is to be.

Yet, yet the tears on my cheek !  
and what is this doth move  
My heart to thy heart, beloved,  
save the flood of yearning love ?  
For fair and fierce is thy father,  
and soft and strange are his eyes  
That look on the days that shall be  
with the hope of the brave and the wise.  
It was many a day that we laughed,  
as over the meadows we walked,  
And many a day I hearkened  
and the pictures came as he talked ;  
It was many a day that we longed,  
and we lingered late at eve  
Ere speech from speech was sundered,  
and my hand his hand could leave.

Then I wept when I was alone,  
and I longed till the daylight came ;  
And down the stairs I stole,  
and there was our housekeeping dame  
(No mother of me, the foundling)  
kindling the fire betimes  
Ere the haymaking folk went forth  
to the meadows down by the limes ;  
All things I saw at a glance ;  
the quickening fire-tongues leapt  
Through the crackling heap of sticks,  
and the sweet smoke up from it crept,  
And close to the very hearth  
the low sun flooded the floor,  
And the cat and her kittens played  
in the sun by the open door.  
The garden was fair in the morning,  
and there in the road he stood  
Beyond the crimson daisies  
and the bush of southernwood.  
Then side by side together  
through the grey-walled place we went,  
And O the fear departed,  
and the rest and sweet content !

Son, sorrow and wisdom he taught me,  
and sore I grieved and learned  
As we twain grew into one ;  
and the heart within me burned  
With the very hopes of his heart.  
Ah, son, it is piteous,  
But never again in my life  
shall I dare to speak to thee thus ;

So may these lonely words  
about thee creep and cling,  
These words of the lonely night  
in the days of our wayfaring.  
Many a child of woman  
to-night is born in the town,  
The desert of folly and wrong ;  
and of what and whence are they grown ?  
Many and many an one  
of wont and use is born ;  
For a husband is taken to bed  
as a hat or a ribbon is worn.  
Prudence begets her thousands ;  
“ good is a housekeeper’s life,  
So shall I sell my body  
that I may be matron and wife.”  
“ And I shall endure foul wedlock  
and bear the children of need.”  
Some are there born of hate,  
many the children of greed.  
“ I, I too can be wedded,  
though thou my love hast got.”  
“ I am fair and hard of heart,  
and riches shall be my lot.”  
And all these are the good and the happy  
on whom the world dawns fair.  
O son, when wilt thou learn  
of those that are born of despair,  
As the fabled mud of the Nile  
that quickens under the sun  
With a growth of creeping things,  
half dead when just begun ?

E'en such is the care of Nature  
that man should never die,  
Though she breed of the fools of the earth,  
and the dregs of the city sty.  
But thou, O son, O son,  
of very love wert born,  
When our hope fulfilled bred hope,  
and fear was a folly outworn.  
On the eve of the toil and the battle  
all sorrow and grief we weighed,  
We hoped and we were not ashamed,  
we knew and we were not afraid.

Now waneth the night and the moon ;  
ah, son, it is piteous  
That never again in my life  
shall I dare to speak to thee thus.  
But sure from the wise and the simple  
shall the mighty come to birth ;  
And fair were my fate, beloved,  
if I be yet on the earth  
When the world is awoken at last,  
and from mouth to mouth they tell  
Of thy love and thy deeds and thy valour,  
and thy hope that nought can quell.

*William Morris.*

## LXXXII

## AIRLY BEACON

AIRLY BEACON, Airly Beacon ;  
Oh the pleasant sight to see

Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,  
While my love climbed up to me !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;  
Oh the happy hours we lay  
- Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,  
Courting through the summer's day !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;  
Oh the weary haunt for me,  
All alone on Airly Beacon,  
With his baby on my knee !

*Charles Kingsley.*

LXXXIII

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,  
I struck him, and dismiss'd  
With hard words and unkiss'd,  
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;

For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with  
careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I pray'd  
To God, I wept, and said :  
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood,  
Thy great commanded good,  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
" I will be sorry for their childishness."

*Coventry Patmore*

LXXXIV

OMAR'S LAMENT

ALAS, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !  
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should  
close !  
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows !

Ah Love ! could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire ?

*Edward FitzGerald.*

LXXXV

DREAMS

It looks as if in dreams the soul was free,  
No bodily limit checks its absolute play ;  
Then why doth it not use its liberty,  
And clear a certain way  
To further truth beyond the actual sea ?

It is not so ; for when, with loosened grip,  
The warder sense unlocks the visible hold,  
Then will my soul from forth its chamber slip,  
An idiot blithe and bold,  
And into vacancy of folly skip ;

Or aimless wander on the popped floor  
Of gaudy fields, or, scarce upon the street,  
Return unto the grim, familiar door,  
And, coward, crave retreat,  
As who had never been outside before.

What boots it that I hold the chartered space,  
If I but fill it with th' accustomed forms,  
And load its breathless essence with the trace  
Of casual-risen storms,  
And drag my chain along the lovely place ?

O, but if God would make a deep suspense,  
And draw me perfect from th' adhesive sheath ;  
If all the veils and swathings of pretence,  
Dropt from me, sunk beneath,  
Then would I get me very far from hence.

I'd come to Him with one swift arrow-dart,  
Aimed at the zenith of th' o'erbrooding blue ;  
Straight to the centre of His awful heart  
The flight long-winged and true  
Should bear me rapt through all the spheres that  
part.

But as it is, it is a waste of rest.

God uses not the occasion ; on the rock  
Stands prone my soul, a diver lean undrest,  
And looks, and fears the shock,  
And turns and hides its shame with some poor  
sorry jest.

*Thomas Edward Brown.*

LXXXVI

LOST DAYS

THE lost days of my life until to-day,  
What were they, could I see them on the street  
Lie as they fell ? Would they be ears of wheat  
Sown once for food but trodden into clay ?  
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay ?  
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet ?  
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway ?



I do not see them here ; but after death  
God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.  
“ I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me ? ”  
“ And I—and I—thyself,” (lo ! each one saith,)  
“ And thou thyself to all eternity ! ”

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

LXXXVII

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright !

*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

LXXXVIII

THE PAGAN WORLD

IN his cool hall, with haggard eyes,  
The Roman noble lay ;  
He drove abroad, in furious guise,  
Along the Appian way.

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,  
And crown'd his hair with flowers—  
No easier nor no quicker pass'd  
The impracticable hours.

The brooding East with awe beheld  
Her impious younger world.  
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,  
And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bow'd low before the blast  
In patient, deep disdain ;  
She let the legions thunder past,  
And plunged in thought again.

So well she mused, a morning broke  
Across her spirit grey ;  
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,  
And fill'd her life with day.

“ Poor world,” she cried, “ so deep accurst,  
That runn’st from pole to pole  
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—  
Go, seek it in thy soul ! ”

She heard it, the victorious West,  
In crown and sword array'd !  
She felt the void which mined her breast,  
She shiver'd and obey'd.

She veil'd her eagles, snapp'd her sword,  
And laid her sceptre down ;  
Her stately purple she abhorr'd,  
And her imperial crown.

She broke her flutes, she stopp'd her sports,  
Her artists could not please ;  
She tore her books, she shut her courts,  
She fled her palaces ;

Lust of the eye and pride of life  
She left it all behind,  
And hurried, torn with inward strife,  
The wilderness to find.

Tears wash'd the trouble from her face !  
She changed into a child !  
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place  
Of ruin—but she smiled !

*Matthew Arnold.*

LXXXIX

HE WOULD HAVE HIS LADY SING

SING me the men ere this  
Who, to the gate that is  
A cloven pearl uprapt,

The big white bars between  
With dying eyes have seen  
The sea of jasper, lapt  
About with crystal sheen ;

And all the far pleasance  
Where linkèd Angels dance,  
With scarlet wings that fall  
Magnifical, or spread  
Most sweetly over-head,  
In fashion musical,  
Of cadenced lutes instead.

Sing me the town they saw  
Withouten fleck or flaw,  
Aflame, more fine than glass  
Of fair Abbayes the boast,  
More glad than wax of cost  
Doth make at Candlemas  
The Lifting of the Host :

Where many Knights and Dames,  
With new and wondrous names,  
One great Laudate Psalm  
Go singing down the street ;—  
'Tis peace upon their feet,  
In hand 'tis pilgrim palm  
Of Goddes Land so sweet :—

Where Mother Mary walks  
In silver lily stalks,  
Star-tired, moon-bedight ;

Where Cecily is seen,  
With Dorothy in green,  
And Magdalen all white,  
The Maidens of the Queen.

Sing on—the Steps untrod,  
The Temple that is God,  
Where incense doth ascend,  
Where mount the cries and tears  
Of all the dolorous years,  
With moan that ladies send  
Of durance and sore fears :—

And Him who sitteth there,  
The Christ of purple hair,  
And great eyes deep with ruth,  
Who is of all things fair  
That shall be, or that were,  
The sum, and very truth.  
Then add a little prayer,

That since all these be so,  
Our Liege, who doth us know,  
Would fend from Sathanas,  
And bring us, of His grace,  
To that His joyous place :  
So we the Doom may pass,  
And see Him in the Face.

*Digby Mackworth Dolben.*

XC

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven ;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even ;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn ;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers ;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers ;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
. . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing : the autumn-fall of leaves.  
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on ;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun ;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names ;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm ;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path ; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells  
Possessed the midday air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair ?)

" I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.  
" Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?  
And shall I feel afraid ?

" When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light ;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God's sight.

" We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayer sent up to God ;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.



“ We two will lie i’ the shadow of  
That living mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.

“ And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here ; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know.”

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say’st !  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee ?)

“ We two,” she said, “ will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

“ Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded ;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

“ He shall fear, haply, and be dumb.

Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak :  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

“ Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles :  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

“ There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me :—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love,—only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—

“ All this is when he comes.” She ceased.

The light thrilled towards her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres :  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

## XCI

## MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH

“ You promise heavens free from strife,  
Pure truth, and perfect change of will ;  
But sweet, sweet is this human life,  
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still.  
Your chilly stars I can forgo,  
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,  
One great reality above :  
Back from that void I shrink in fear,  
And child-like hide myself in love :  
Show me what angels feel. Till then,  
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires  
From faltering lips and fitful veins  
To sexless souls, ideal quires,  
Unwearied voices, wordless strains :  
My mind with fonder welcome owns  
One dear dead friend’s remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give  
To that which cannot pass away ;  
All beauteous things for which we live  
By laws of time and space decay.  
But oh, the very reason why  
I clasp them, is because they die.

*William Cory.*

XCII

THE OLD STOIC

RICHES I hold in light esteem,  
And Love I laugh to scorn ;  
And lust of fame was but a dream,  
That vanished with the morn :

And if I pray, the only prayer  
That moves my lips for me  
Is, " Leave the heart that now I bear  
And give me liberty ! "

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,  
'Tis all that I implore ;  
In life and death a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.

*Emily Brontë.*

XCIII

IN spring and summer winds may blow, ,  
And rains fall after, hard and fast ;  
The tender leaves, if beaten low,  
Shine but the more for shower and blast.

But when their fated hour arrives,  
When reapers long have left the field,  
When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives,  
And their last juice fresh apples yield,

A leaf perhaps may still remain  
Upon some solitary tree,  
Spite of the wind and of the rain . .  
A thing you heed not if you see.

At last it falls. Who cares ? Not one :  
And yet no power on earth can ever  
Replace the fallen leaf upon  
Its spray, so easy to dis sever.

If such be love, I dare not say.  
Friendship is such, too well I know :  
I have enjoyed my summer day ;  
'Tis past ; my leaf now lies below.

*Walter Savage Landor*

XCIV

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !  
At last, at last, unite them there !

*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

XCV

## SONG

THE feathers of the willow  
Are half of them grown yellow  
Above the swelling stream ;

And ragged are the bushes,  
And rusty now the rushes,  
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,  
His stalk begins to moulder,  
His head is white as snow ;  
The branches all are barer,  
The linnet's song is rarer,  
The robin pipeth now.

*Richard Watson Dixon.*

XCVI

NOVEMBER

ARE thine eyes weary ? is thy heart too sick  
To struggle any more with doubt and thought,  
Whose formless veil draws darkening now and  
thick  
Across thee, e'en as smoke-tinged mist-wreaths  
brought  
Down a fair dale to make it blind and nought ?  
Art thou so weary that no world there seems  
Beyond these four walls, hung with pain and  
dreams ?

Look out upon the real world, where the moon,  
Half-way 'twixt root and crown of these high trees,  
Turns the dead midnight into dreamy noon,  
Silent and full of wonders, for the breeze

Died at the sunset, and no images,  
No hopes of day, are left in sky or earth—  
Is it not fair, and of most wondrous worth ?

Yea, I have looked, and seen November there ;  
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,  
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair ;  
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,  
Strange image of the dread eternity,  
In whose void patience how can these have part,  
These outstretched feverish hands, this restless  
heart ?

*William Morris.*

## XCVII

## LOST ON BOTH SIDES

As when two men have loved a woman well,  
Each hating each, through Love's and Death's  
deceit ;

Since not for either this stark marriage-sheet  
And the long pauses of this wedding-bell ;  
Yet o'er her grave the night and day dispel  
At last their feud forlorn, with cold and heat ;  
Nor other than dear friends to death may fleet  
The two lives left that most of her can tell :—

So separate hopes, which in a soul had wooed  
The one same Peace, strove with each other long  
And Peace before their faces perished since :  
So through that soul, in restless brotherhood,  
They roam together now, and wind among  
Its bye-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*



## XCVIII

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds and stripes  
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,  
Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes  
From out her hair : such balsam falls  
Down seaside mountain pedestals,  
From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,  
Spent with the vast and howling main,  
To treasure half their island-gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some old  
Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud  
Which breaks to dust when once unrolled ;  
Or shredded perfume, like a cloud  
From closet long to quiet vowed,  
With moth'd and dropping arras hung,  
Mouldering her lute and books among,  
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

*Robert Browning.*

## XCIX

## SILENCE

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound ;  
There is a silence where no sound may be ;  
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert, where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep  
profound.  
No voice is hushed, no life treads silently ;  
But cloud, and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground.

But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
Though the dun fox, or wild hyaena, calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

*Thomas Hood.*

C

NOR on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen  
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those  
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,  
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes ;  
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,  
Nor shall we look each other in the face  
To love or hate each other being dead,  
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.  
We shall not argue, saying " 'Twas thus," or  
" thus,"

Our argument's whole drift we shall forget ;  
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us ;  
We shall not even know that we have met.

Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,  
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

*Samuel Butler.*

CI

FAME is a food that dead men eat,—  
I have no stomach for such meat.

In little light and narrow room,  
They eat it in the silent tomb,  
With no kind voice of comrade near  
To bid the feaster be of cheer.

But friendship is a nobler thing,—  
Of Friendship it is good to sing.  
For truly, when a man shall end,  
He lives in memory of his friend,  
Who doth his better part recall  
And of his fault make funeral.

*Austin Dobson.*

CII

ON A LUTE FOUND IN A SARCOPHAGUS

WHAT curled and scented sun-girls, almond-eyed,  
With lotus blossoms in their hands and hair,  
Have made their swarthy lovers call them fair,  
With these spent strings, when brutes were deified  
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,  
And love-winds smote Bubastis, and the bare  
Black breasts of carven Pasht received the prayer  
Of suppliants bearing gifts from far and wide !

This lute has outsung Egypt ; all the lives  
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art  
That lasts in granite only, all lie dead ;  
This little bird of song alone survives,  
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart  
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded.

*Edmund Gosse.*

CIII

MAGNA EST VERITAS

HERE, in this little Bay,  
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,  
Where, twice a day,  
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,  
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,  
I sit me down.  
For want of me the world's course will not fail :  
When all its work is done, the life shall rot ;  
The truth is great, and shall prevail,  
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

*Coventry Patmore.*

CIV

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

ON a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.  
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend  
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,  
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.  
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.  
And now upon his western wing he leaned,  
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,  
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.  
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars  
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,  
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,  
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.  
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,  
The army of unalterable law.

*George Meredith.*

## CV

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.  
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !  
There where the long street roars, hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
And dream my dream, and hold it true ;  
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
I cannot think the thing farewell.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## CVI

## THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—  
Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

*John Henry, Cardinal Newman.*

CVII

“ WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS,  
NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING ”

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so :  
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

CVIII

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours  
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :  
To himself he talks ;  
For at eventide, listening earnestly,  
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh  
In the walks ;

Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks  
Of the mouldering flowers :

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;  
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,  
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose  
An hour before death ;  
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves  
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,  
And the breath  
Of the fading edges of box beneath,  
And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;  
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

CIX

ODE ON ADVANCING AGE

THOU goest more and more  
To the silent things : thy hair is hoar,  
Emptier thy weary face : like to the shore  
Far-ruined, and the desolate billow white,  
That recedes and leaves it waif-wrinkled, gap-  
rocked, weak.

The shore and the billow white  
Groan, they cry and rest not : they would speak,  
And call the eternal Night  
To cease them for ever, bidding new things issue  
From her cold tissue :  
Night that is ever young, nor knows decay,  
Though older by eternity than they.

Go down upon the shore.  
The breakers dash, the smitten spray drops to  
the roar ;  
The spit upsprings, and drops again,  
Where'er the white waves clash in the main.  
Their sound is but one : 'tis the cry  
That has risen from of old to the sky,  
'Tis their silence !

Go now from the shore  
Far-ruined : the grey shingly floor  
To thy crashing step answers ; the doteril cries,  
And on dipping wing flies :  
'Tis their silence !

And thou, oh thou  
To that wild silence sinkest now.  
No more remains to thee than the cry of silence,  
the cry  
Of the waves, of the shore, of the bird to the sky.  
The bald eyes 'neath as bald a brow  
Ask but what nature gives  
To the inarticulate cries  
Of the waves, of the shore, of the bird.  
Earth in earth thou art being interred :  
No longer in thee lives  
The lordly essence which was unlike all,



That was thy flower of soul, the imperial  
Glory that separated thee  
From all others that might be.

Thy dog hath died before.  
Didst thou not mark him ? did he not neglect  
What roused his rapture once, but still loved thee ?  
Till, weaker grown, was he not fain reject  
Thy pitying hand, thy meat and drink,  
For all thou could'st implore ?  
Then, at the last, how mournfully  
Did not his eyelids sink  
With wearied sighs ?  
He sought at last that never-moving night  
Which is the same in darkness, as in light,  
The closing of the eyes.

So, Age, thou dealest us  
To the elements : but no ! Resume thy pride,  
O man, that musest thus.  
Be to the end what thou hast been before :  
The ancient joy shall wrap thee still—the tide  
Return upon the shore.

*Richard Watson Dixon.*

CX

PLAY THEN AND SING !

PLAY then and sing ; we too have played,  
We likewise, in that subtle shade.  
We too have twisted through our hair  
Such tendrils as the wild Loves wear,

And heard what mirth the Mænads made,  
Till the wind blew our garlands bare  
And left their roses disarrayed,  
And smote the summer with strange air,  
And disengirdled and discrowned  
The limbs and locks that vine-wreaths bound.

We too have tracked by star-proof trees  
The tempest of the Thyiades  
Scare the loud night on hills that hid  
The blood-feasts of the Bassarid,  
Heard their song's iron cadences  
Fright the wolf hungering from the kid,  
Outroar the lion-throated seas,  
Outchide the north-wind if it chid,  
And hush the torrent-tongued ravines  
With thunders of their tambourines.

But the fierce flute whose notes acclaim  
Dim goddesses of fiery fame,  
Cymbal and clamorous kettledrum,  
Timbrels and tabrets, all are dumb  
That turned the high chill air to flame ;  
The singing tongues of fire are numb  
That called on Cotys by her name  
Edonian, till they felt her come  
And maddened, and her mystic face  
Lightened along the streams of Thrace.

For Pleasure slumberless and pale,  
And Passion with rejected veil,  
Pass, and the tempest-footed throng  
Of hours that follow them with song

Till their feet flag and voices fail,  
And lips that were so loud so long  
Learn silence, or a wearier wail ;  
So keen is change, and time so strong,  
To weave the robes of life and rend  
And weave again till life have end.

But weak is change, but strengthless time,  
To take the light from heaven, or climb  
The hills of heaven with wasting feet.  
Songs they can stop that earth found meet,  
But the stars keep their ageless rhyme ;  
Flowers they can slay that spring thought sweet  
But the stars keep their spring sublime ;  
Passions and pleasures can defeat,  
Actions and agonies control,  
And life and death, but not the soul.

Because man's soul is man's God still,  
What wind soever waft his will  
Across the waves of day and night  
To port or shipwreck, left or right,  
By shores and shoals of good and ill ;  
And still its flame at mainmast height  
Through the rent air that foam-flakes fill  
Sustains the indomitable light  
Whence only man hath strength to steer  
Or helm to handle without fear.

Save his own soul's light overhead,  
None leads him, and none ever led,  
Across birth's hidden harbour-bar,  
To youth where shoreward shallows are.

Through age that drives on toward the red  
Vast void of sunset hailed from far,  
To the equal waters of the dead ;  
Save his own soul he hath no star,  
And sinks, except his own soul guide,  
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

No blast of air or fire of sun  
Puts out the light whereby we run  
With girdled loins our lamplit race,  
And each from each takes heart of grace  
And spirit till his turn be done,  
And light of face from each man's face  
In whom the light of trust is one ;  
Since only souls that keep their place  
By their own light, and watch things roll,  
And stand, have light for any soul.

A little time we gain from time  
To set our seasons in some chime,  
For harsh or sweet or loud or low,  
With seasons played out long ago  
And souls that in their time and prime  
Took part with summer or with snow,  
Lived abject lives out or sublime,  
And had their chance of seed to sow  
For service or disservice done  
To those days dead and this their son.

A little time that we may fill  
Or with such good works or such ill  
As loose the bonds or make them strong  
Wherein all manhood suffers wrong.

By rose-hung river and light-foot rill  
There are who rest not ; who think long  
Till they discern as from a hill  
At the sun's hour of morning song,  
Known of souls only, and those souls free,  
The sacred 'spaces of the sea.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne*

CXI

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife.  
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art :  
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life ;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

*Walter Savage Landor.*

CXII

DIRGE IN WOODS

A WIND sways the pines,  
And below  
Not a breath of wild air ;  
Still as the mosses that glow  
On the flooring and over the lines  
Of the roots here and there

The pine-tree drops its dead ;  
They are quiet as under the sea.

Overhead, overhead  
Rushes life in a race,  
As the clouds the clouds chase ;  
    And we go,  
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,  
    Even we,  
    Even so.

*George Meredith.*

CXIII

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
    Thy tribute wave deliver :  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
    For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
    A rivulet then a river :  
No where by thee my steps shall be,  
    For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,  
    And here thine aspen shiver ;  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
    For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
    A thousand moons will quiver ;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
    For ever and for ever.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

## CXIV

## THE CHOICE

THINK thou and act ; to-morrow thou shalt die.  
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,  
Thou say'st : " Man's measured path is all gone  
o'er :

Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,  
Man clomb until he touched the truth ; and I,  
Even I, am he whom it was destined for."  
How should this be ? Art thou then so much  
more

Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap  
thereby ?

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed  
mound

Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me ;  
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.  
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,  
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues  
beyond,—

Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more  
sea.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

## CXV

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity !  
Life—that in me has rest,  
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide embracing love  
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void :  
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,  
And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

*Emily Brontë.*



## CXVI

## EARLY SPRING

ONCE more the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And domes the red-plow'd hills  
With loving blue ;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The throistles too.

Opens a door in Heaven ;  
From skies of glass  
A Jacob's ladder falls  
On greening grass,  
And o'er the mountain-walls  
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower  
And burst the buds,  
And shine the level lands,  
And flash the floods ;  
The stars are from their hands  
Flung thro' the woods,

The woods with living airs  
How softly fann'd,  
Light airs from where the deep,  
All down the sand,  
Is breathing in his sleep,  
Heard by the land.

*of Modern Lyrics*

O follow, leaping blood,  
The season's lure !  
O heart, look down and up  
Serene, secure,  
Warm as the crocus cup,  
Like snowdrops, pure !

Past, Future glimpse and fade  
Thro' some slight spell,  
A gleam from yonder vale,  
Some far blue fell,  
And sympathies, how frail,  
In sound and smell !

Till at thy chuckled note,  
Thou twinkling bird,  
The fairy fancies range,  
And, lightly stirr'd,  
Ring little bells of change  
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And thaws the cold, and fills  
The flower with dew ;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The poets too.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



## BOOK II



CXVII

SINCE to be loved endures,  
To love is wise :  
Earth hath no good but yours,  
Brave, joyful eyes :

Earth hath no sin but thine,  
Dull eye of scorn :  
O'er thee the sun doth pine  
And angels mourn.

*Robert Bridges.*

CXVIII

THE LOVER TELLS OF THE ROSE  
IN HIS HEART

ALL things uncomely and broken, all things worn  
out and old,  
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a  
lumbering cart,  
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the  
wintry mould,  
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in  
the deeps of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too  
great to be told ;  
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green  
knoll apart,  
With the earth and the sky and the water, remade,  
like a casket of gold  
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose  
in the deeps of my heart.

*William Butler Yeats*

CXIX

DAISY

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—  
O the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea ;  
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,  
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,  
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :  
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins  
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,  
Nor knew her own sweet way ;  
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song  
Thronged in whose throat that day !

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington  
On the turf and on the spray ;  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face !  
She gave me tokens three :—  
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,  
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,  
A still word,—strings of sand !  
And yet they made my wild, wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end :  
Their scent survives their close,  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully,  
Then went her sunshine way :—  
The sea's eye had a mist on it,  
And the leaves fell from the day.



She went her unremembering way,  
She went, and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And the partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul  
Was sad that she was glad ;  
At all the sadness in the sweet,  
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still  
Look up with soft replies,  
And take the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan ;  
For we are born in other's pain,  
And perish in our own.

*Francis Thompson.*

CXX

THE MIRACLE

WHO beckons the green ivy up  
Its solitary tower of stone ?  
What spirit lures the bindweed's cup  
Unfaltering on ?  
Calls even the starry lichen to climb  
By agelong inches endless Time ?

Who bids the hollyhock uplift  
Her rod of fast-sealed buds on high ;  
Fling wide her petals—silent, swift,  
Lovely to the sky ?  
Since as she kindled, so she will fade,  
Flower above flower in squalor laid.

Ever the heavy billow rears  
All its sea-length in green, hushed wall ;  
But totters as the shore it nears,  
Foams to its fall ;  
Where was its mark ? on what vain quest  
Rose that great water from its rest ?

So creeps ambition on ; so climb  
Man's vaunting thoughts. He, set on high,  
Forgets his birth, small space, brief time,  
That he shall die ;  
Dreams blindly in his stagnant air ;  
Consumes his strength ; strips himself bare ;

Rejects delight, ease, pleasure, hope,  
Seeking in vain, but seeking yet,  
Past earthly promise, earthly scope,  
On one aim set :  
As if, like Chaucer's child, he thought  
All but " O Alma ! " nought.

*Walter de la Mare.*

## CXXI

## TO THE BODY

THOU inmost, ultimate  
Council of judgment, palace of decrees,  
Where the high senses hold their spiritual state,  
Sued by earth's embassies,  
And sign, approve, accept, conceive, create ;

Create—thy senses close  
With the world's pleas. The random odours reach  
Their sweetness in the place of thy repose,  
Upon thy tongue the peach,  
And in thy nostrils breathes the breathing rose.

To thee, secluded one,  
The dark vibrations of the sightless skies  
The lovely inexplicit colours run ;  
The light gropes for those eyes.  
O thou august ! thou dost command the sun.

Music, all dumb, hath trod  
Into thine ear her one effectual way ;  
And fire and cold approach to gain thy nod,  
Where thou call'st up the day,  
Where thou awaitest the appeal of God.

*Alice Meynell.*

CXXII

THE BODY

ONLY the nest of spices  
That spends upon the air  
Sweet smoke of sacrifices  
When, terrible and fair,  
The phœnix Soul arises  
The heavenlier gold to dare !—  
Alas ! the nest of spices  
Fading through earthly air.

*Rachel Annand Taylor.*

CXXIII

TO POETS

WE are the homeless, even as you,  
Who hope and never can begin.  
Our hearts are wounded through and through  
Like yours, but our hearts bleed within.  
We too make music, but our tones  
'Scape not the barrier of our bones.

We have no comeliness like you.  
We toil, unlovely, and we spin.  
We start, return : we wind, undo :  
We hope, we err, we strive, we sin,  
We love : your love's not greater, but  
The lips of our love's might stay shut.

We have the evil spirits too  
That shake our soul with battle-din.  
But we have an eviller spirit than you,  
We have a dumb spirit within :  
The exceeding bitter agony  
But not the exceeding bitter cry.

*Charles Hamilton Sorley.*

## CXXIV

## THUNDERSTORMS

My mind has thunderstorms,  
That brood for heavy hours :  
Until they rain me words,  
My thoughts are drooping flowers  
And sulking, silent birds.

Yet come, dark thunderstorms,  
And brood your heavy hours ;  
For when you rain me words,  
My thoughts are dancing flowers  
And joyful singing birds.

*William Henry Davies.*

## CXXV

## EBBTIDE AT SUNDOWN

How larger is remembrance than desire !  
How deeper than all longing is regret !  
The tide is gone, the sands are rippled yet ;  
The sun is gone ; the hills are lifted higher,

Crested with rose. Ah, why should we require  
Sight of the sea, the sun ? The sands are wet,  
And in their glassy flaws huge record set  
Of the ebb'd stream, the little ball of fire.  
Gone, they are gone ! But, oh, so freshly gone,  
So rich in vanishing we ask not where—  
So close upon us is the bliss that shone,  
And, oh, so thickly it impregns the air !  
Closer in beating heart we could not be  
To the sunk sun, the far, surrendered sea.

*Michael Field.*

## CXXVI

## SILENCE SINGS

So faint, no ear is sure it hears,  
So faint and far ;  
So vast that very near appears  
My voice, both here and in each star  
Unmeasured leagues do bridge between ;  
Like that which on a face is seen  
Where secrets are ;

Sweeping, like veils of lofty balm,  
Tresses unbound  
O'er desert sand, o'er ocean calm,  
I am wherever is not sound ;  
And, goddess of the truthful face,  
My beauty doth instil its grace  
That joy abound.

*T. Sturge Moore.*

## CXXVII

## NIGHTINGALES

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye  
    come,  
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams  
    wherefrom  
    Ye learn your song :  
Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander  
    there,  
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
    Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the  
    streams :  
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our  
    dreams,  
    A throe of the heart,  
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes  
    profound,  
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,  
    For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,  
    As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting  
    boughs of May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
    Welcome the dawn.

*Robert Bridges.*

CXXVIII

CITIES AND THRONES AND POWERS

CITIES and Thrones and Powers,  
Stand in Time's eye,  
Almost as long as flowers,  
Which daily die.  
But, as new buds put forth  
To glad new men,  
Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth  
The Cities rise again.

This season's Daffodil,  
She never hears  
What change, what chance, what chill,  
Cut down last year's :  
But with bold countenance,  
And knowledge small,  
Esteems her seven days' continuance  
To be perpetual.

So Time that is o'er-kind,  
To all that be,  
Ordains us e'en as blind,  
As bold as she :  
That in our very death,  
And burial sure,  
Shadow to shadow, well persuaded, saith,  
" See how our works endure ! "

*Rudyard Kipling.*



## CXXIX

## CORRELATED GREATNESS

O NOTHING, in this corporal earth of man,  
That to the imminent heaven of his high soul  
Responds with colour and with shadow, can  
Lack correlated greatness. If the scroll  
Where thoughts lie fast in spell of hieroglyph  
Be mighty through its mighty habitants ;  
If God be in His Name ; grave potency if  
The sounds unbind of hieratic chants ;  
All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I affirm  
Nature is whole in her least things exprest,  
Nor know we with what scope God builds the  
worm.

Our towns are copied fragments from our breast ;  
And all man's Babylons strive but to impart  
The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.

*Francis Thompson.*

## CXXX

## ALL THAT'S PAST

VERY old are the woods ;  
And the buds that break  
Out of the brier's boughs,  
When March winds wake,  
So old with their beauty are—  
Oh, no man knows  
Through what wild centuries  
Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks ;  
And the rills that rise  
Where snow sleeps cold beneath  
The azure skies  
Sing such a history  
Of come and gone,  
Their every drop is as wise  
As Solomon.

Very old are we men ;  
Our dreams are tales ,  
Told in dim Eden  
By Eve's nightingales ;  
We wake and whisper awhile,  
But, the day gone by,  
Silence and sleep like fields  
Of amaranth lie.

*Walter de la Mare.*

CXXXI

A SONG OF DERIVATIONS

I COME from nothing ; but from where  
Come the undying thoughts I bear ?  
Down, through long links of death and birth,  
From the past poets of the earth.  
My immortality is there.

I am like the blossom of an hour.  
But long, long vanished sun and shower  
Awoke my breath i' the young world's air.  
I track the past back everywhere  
Through seed and flower and seed and flower.

Or I am like a stream that flows  
Full of the cold springs that arose  
    In morning lands, in distant hills ;  
    And down the plain my channel fills  
With melting of forgotten snows.

Voices, I have not heard, possessed  
My own fresh songs ; my thoughts are blessed ,  
    With relics of the far unknown.  
    And mixed with memories not my own  
The sweet streams throng into my breast.

Before this life began to be,  
The happy songs that wake in me  
    Woke long ago and far apart.  
    Heavily on this little heart  
Presses this immortality.

*Alice Meynell.*

CXXXII

ODE IN MAY

LET me go forth, and share  
The overflowing Sun  
With one wise friend, or one  
Better than wise, being fair,  
Where the pewit wheels and dips  
On heights of bracken and ling,  
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,  
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,

The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,  
Grave, ceremonial, pure,  
As once, from lips that endure,  
The cosmic descant rose,  
When the temporal lord of life,  
Going his golden way,  
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife  
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,  
Came wooing the mother of men,  
Earth, that was virginal then,  
Vestal fire to his fire.  
Silent her bosom and coy,  
But the strong god sued and pressed ;  
And born of their starry nuptial joy  
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,  
And the travail of her that bore,  
Behold, they are evermore  
As warp and weft in our lot.  
We are children of splendour and flame  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came  
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord,  
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,  
And fruit of thy love, O Sun,  
For this thy spouse, thy adored.  
To thee as our Father we bow,  
Forbidden thy Father to see,  
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou  
Art greater and older than we.

'Thou art but as a word of his speech,  
'Thou art but as a wave of his hand ;  
'Thou art brief as a glitter of sand  
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach ;  
'Thou art less than a spark of his fire,  
Or a moment's mood of his soul :  
'Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir  
That chant the chant of the Whole.

*Sir William Watson.*

CXXXIII

ON A MIDSUMMER EVE

I IDLY cut a parsley stalk,  
And blew therein towards the moon ;  
I had not thought what ghosts would walk  
With shivering footsteps to my tune.

I went, and knelt, and scooped my hand  
As if to drink, into the brook,  
And a faint figure seemed to stand  
Above me, with the bygone look.

I lipped rough rhymes of chance, not choice,  
I thought not what my words might be ;  
There came into my ear a voice  
That turned a tenderer verse for me.

*Thomas Hardy.*

CXXXIV

A SONG OF ENCHANTMENT

A SONG of Enchantment I sang me there,  
In a green-green wood, by waters fair,  
Just as the words came up to me  
I sang it under the wild wood tree.

Widdershins turned I, singing it low,  
Watching the wild birds come and go ;  
No cloud in the deep dark blue to be seen  
Under the thick-thatched branches green.

Twilight came : silence came :  
The planet of Evening's silver flame ;  
By darkening paths I wandered through  
Thickets trembling with drops of dew.

But the music is lost and the words are gone  
Of the song I sang as I sat alone,  
Ages and ages have fallen on me—  
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree.

*Walter de la Mare.*

## CXXXV

## KINDNESS

OF the beauty of kindness I speak,  
Of a smile, of a charm  
On the face it is pleasure to meet,  
That gives no alarm !

Of the soul that absorbeth itself  
In discovering good,  
Of that power which outlasts health,  
As the spell of a wood

Outlasts the sad fall of the leaves,  
And in winter is fine,  
And from snow and from frost receives  
A garment divine.

Oh ! well may the lark sing of this,  
As through rents of huge cloud,  
It breaks on blue gulfs that are bliss,  
For they make its heart proud

With the power of wings deployed  
In delightfulest air.  
Yea, thus among things enjoyed  
Is kindness rare.

For even the weak with surprise  
Spread wings, utter song,  
They can launch—in this blue they can rise,  
In this kindness are strong,—

They can launch like a ship into calm,  
Which was penn'd up by storm,  
Which sails for the islands of balm  
Luxuriant and warm.

*T. Sturge Moore.*

CXXXVI

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea ;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Mocharabuice.

I passed my brother and cousin :  
They read in their books of prayer ;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate ;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle  
And the merry love to dance :

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me,  
With " Here is the fiddler of Dooney ! "  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

*William Butler Yeats.*



## CXXXVII

## THE DARKLING THRUSH

I LEANT upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings of broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited ;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.

*Thomas Hardy.*

## CXXXVIII

## THE LINNET

UPON this leafy bush  
With thorns and roses in it,  
Flutters a thing of light,  
A twittering linnet,  
And all the throbbing world  
Of dew and sun and air  
By this small parcel of life  
Is made more fair ;  
As if each bramble-spray  
And mounded gold-wreathed furze,  
Harebe'l and little thyme,  
Were only hers ;  
As if this beauty and grace  
Did to one bird belong,  
And, at a flutter of wing,  
Might vanish in song.

*Walter de la Mare.*

## CXXXIX

I WOULD be a bird, and straight on wings I arise,  
And carry purpose up to the ends of the air :  
In calm and storm my sails I feather, and where  
By freezing cliffs the unransom'd wreckage lies :  
Or, strutting on hot meridian banks, surprise  
The silence : over plains in the moonlight bare  
I chase my shadow, and perch where no bird  
dare  
In treetops torn by fiercest winds of the skies.

Poor simple birds, foolish birds ! then I cry,  
Ye pretty pictures of delight, unstir'd  
By the only joy of knowing that ye fly ;  
Ye are not what ye are, but rather, sum'd in a  
word,  
'The alphabet of a god's idea, and I  
Who master it, I am the only bird.

*Robert Bridges.*

## CXL

## THE EXAMPLE

HERE's an example from  
A Butterfly ;  
That on a rough, hard rock  
Happy can lie ;  
Friendless and all alone  
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard,  
No care take I ;  
I'll make my joy like this  
Small Butterfly ;  
Whose happy heart has power  
To make a stone a flower.

*William Henry Davies.*

CXLI

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

*A NAKED house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit  
And poplars at the garden foot :  
Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;  
And when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,  
Your garden gloom and gleam again,  
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.  
Here shall the wizard moon ascend  
The heavens, in the crimson end  
Of day's declining splendour ; here  
The army of the stars appear.

The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,  
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;  
And oft the morning muser see  
Larks rising from the broomy lea,  
And every fairy wheel and thread  
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.  
When daisies go, shall winter time  
Silver the simple grass with rime ;  
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;  
And when 'snow-bright the moor expands,  
How shall your children clap their hands !  
To make this earth, our hermitage,  
A cheerful and a changeful page,  
God's bright and intricate device  
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

CXLII

PIED BEAUTY

GLORY be to God for dappled things—  
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow ;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that  
swim ;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls ; finches' wings ;  
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and  
plough ;  
And all trades, their gear and tackle and  
trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange ;  
    Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how ?)  
    With swift, slow ; sweet, sour ; adazzle, dim ;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change :  
    Praise Him.

*Gerard Hopkins.*

CXLIII

THERE ARE STILL KINGFISHERS

FAITH peace and joy to-day brings : all has failed  
I this day put my hand to, well know I ;  
Less blind than some so far, though that's not  
    why ;  
But with joy peace and faith my spirit is mailed,  
Since on Wren's bridge at noon, unseen, unhailed,  
I, all alone, saw the kingfisher fly.

Not as before, startled by friendly prod,  
In stagnant ditch to imagine something quiver,  
Lost while half-seen ; but brilliant, clear, and  
    broad,  
Forty-two yards up the middle of the river  
Under my eyes shot the turquoise unflawed !  
Nothing of me that bird knows and will never ;  
But I rejoiced, as men rejoice in God,  
Not that He cares for them, but lives for ever.

*A. Y. Campbell.*

## CXLIV

## INVERSNAID

THIS darksome burn, horseback brown,  
His rollrock highroad roaring down,  
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam  
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth  
Turns and twindles over the broth  
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,  
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew  
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads  
through,  
Wiry heathpacks, fitches of fern,  
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once hereft  
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,  
O let them be left, wildness and wet;  
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

*Gerard Hopkins.*

## CXLV

## THE GIPSY GIRL

"COME, try your skill, kind gentlemen,  
A penny for three tries!"  
Some threw and lost, some threw and won  
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,  
A girl of twenty years,  
I liked her for the lumps of gold  
That jingled from her ears ;

I liked the flaring yellow scarf  
Bound loose about her throat,  
I liked her showy purple gown  
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue  
And said no good to her ;  
She did not blush as Saxons do,  
Or turn upon the cur ;

She fawned and whined " Sweet gentleman,  
A penny for three tries ! "  
—But oh, the den of wild things in  
The darkness of her eyes !

*Ralph Hodgson.*

CXLVI

A MOTHER TO A BABY

WHERE were you, Baby ?  
Where were you, dear ?  
Even I have known you  
Only a year.

You were born, Baby,  
When I was born.  
Twelve months ago you  
Left me forlorn.



Why did you leave me,  
Heart of my heart ?  
Then I was all of you,  
Now but a part.

You lived while I lived,  
We two were one.  
We two are two now  
While the days run.

When you can say, love,  
*Baby*, like me,  
Think, as I think, love,  
You on my knee :

Every maid born, love,  
Womanly, mild,  
Is in herself, love,  
Mother and child.

*Mary Coleridge.*

CXLVII

THE MODERN MOTHER

OH, what a kiss  
With filial passion overcharged is this !  
To this misgiving breast  
This child runs, as a child ne'er ran to rest  
Upon the light heart and the unoppressed.

Unhoped, unsought !  
 A little tenderness, this mother thought  
 The utmost of her meed.  
 She looked for gratitude ; content indeed  
 With thus much that her nine years' love had  
 bought.

Nay, even with less.  
 This mother, giver of life, death, peace, distress,  
 Desired ah ! not so much  
 Thanks as forgiveness ; and the passing touch  
 Expected, and the slight, the brief caress.

O filial light  
 Strong in these childish eyes, these new, these  
 bright  
 Intelligible stars ! their rays  
 Are near the constant earth, guides in the maze,  
 Natural, true, keen in this dusk of days.

*Alice Meynell.*

CXLVIII

WHEN I see childhood on the threshold seize  
 The prize of life from age and likelihood,  
 ! mourn time's change that will not be withstood,  
 Thinking how Christ said *Be like one of these*.  
 For in the forest among many trees  
 Scarce one in all is found that hath made good  
 The virgin pattern of its slender wood, .  
 That courtesied in joy to every breeze ;

But scath'd, but knotted trunks that raise on,  
high  
Their arms in stiff contortion, strain'd and bare ;  
Whose patriarchal crowns in sorrow sigh.  
So, little children, ye—nay, nay, ye ne'er  
From me shall learn how sure the change and  
nigh,  
When ye shall share our strength and mourn  
to share.

*Robert Bridges.*

CXLIX

THE ELM

THIS is the place where Dorothea smiled.  
I did not know the reason, nor did she.  
But there she stood, and turned, and smiled  
at me :  
A sudden glory had bewitched the child.  
The corn at harvest, and a single tree.  
This is the place where Dorothea smiled.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

CL

TO CHRISTINA AT NIGHTFALL

LITTLE thing, ah, little mouse,  
Creeping through the twilit house,  
To watch within the shadow of my chair  
With large blue eyes ; the firelight on your hair  
Doth glimmer gold and faint,

And on your woollen gown  
That folds a-down  
From steadfast little face to square-set feet.

Ah, sweet ! ah, little one ! so like a carven saint,  
With your unflinching eyes, unflinching face,  
Like a small angel, carved in a high place,  
Watching unmoved across a gabled town ;  
When I am weak and old,  
And lose my grip, and claim my small reward  
Of tolerance and tenderness and faith,  
The children of your dawning day shall hold  
The reins we drop and wield the judge's sword,  
And your swift feet shall tread upon my heels,  
And I be Ancient Error, you New Truth,  
And I be crushed by your advancing wheels . . .  
Good-night ! The fire is burning low,  
Put out the lamp ;  
Lay down the weary little head  
Upon the small white bed.

Up from the sea the night winds blow  
Across the hill, across the marsh ;  
Chill and harsh, harsh and damp,  
The night winds blow.  
But, while the slow hours go,  
I, who must fall before you, late shall wait and  
keep  
Watch and ward,  
Vigil and guard,  
Where you sleep.  
Ah, sweet ! do you the like where I lie dead.

*Ford Madox Ford.*

## CLI

## THE STOLEN CHILD

WHERE dips the rocky highland  
Of Sleuth wood in the lake,  
There lies a leafy island  
Where flapping herons wake  
The drowsy water rats ;  
There we've hid our faery vats,  
Full of berries, ,  
And of reddest stolen cherries.  
*Come away, O human child !  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you can  
understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses  
The dim gray sands with light,  
Far off by furthest Rosses  
We foot it all the night,  
Weaving olden dances,  
Mingling hands and mingling glances  
'Till the moon has taken flight ;  
To and fro we leap  
And chase the frothy bubbles,  
While the world is full of troubles  
And is anxious in its sleep.  
*Come away, O human child !  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you can  
understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes  
 From the hills above Glen-Car,  
 In pools among the rushes  
 That scarce could bathe a star,  
 We seek for slumbering trout,  
 And whispering in their ears  
 Give them unquiet dreams ;  
 Leaning softly out  
 From ferns that drop their tears  
 Over the young streams.  
*Come away, O human child !  
 To the waters and the wild  
 With a faery, hand in hand,  
 For the world's more full of weeping than you can  
 understand.*

Away with us he's going,  
 The solemn-eyed ;  
 He'll hear no more the lowing  
 Of the calves on the warm hillside ;  
 Or the kettle on the hob  
 Sing peace into his breast,  
 Or see the brown mice bob  
 Round and round the oatmeal-chest.  
*For he comes, the human child,  
 To the waters and the wild  
 With a faery, hand in hand,  
 From a world more full of weeping than he can  
 understand.*

William Butler Yeats.

## CLII

## FROLIC

THE children were shouting together  
And racing along the sands,  
A glimmer of dancing shadows,  
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,  
The sun was chasing the moon :  
The game was the same as the children's,  
They danced to the self-same tune.

The whole of the world was merry,  
One joy from the vale to the height,  
Where the blue woods of twilight encircled  
The lovely lawns of the light.

*George Russell (A. E.).*

## CLIII

## THE LISTENERS

" Is there anybody there ? " said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door ;  
And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor :  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head :  
And he smote upon the door again a second time ;  
" Is there anybody there ? " he said.

But no one descended to the Traveller ;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men :  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the  
dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky ;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head :—  
“ Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,” he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still  
house  
From the one man left awake :  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

*Walter de la Mare.*



## CLIV

## LONDON SNOW

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,  
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,  
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely  
lying,

Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;  
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;  
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :

Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and  
railing ;

Hiding difference, making unevenness even,  
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven  
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,  
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;  
And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed  
brightness

Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly  
glare :

The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling  
whiteness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn  
air ;

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,  
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school,  
calling,  
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze

Their tongues with tasting, their hands with  
snow-balling ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;  
Or peering up from under the white-mossed  
wonder,

“ O look at the trees ! ” they cried, “ O look at  
the trees ! ”

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,  
Following along the white deserted way,  
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display  
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below  
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with  
the snow ;

And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,  
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil  
they go :

But even for them awhile no cares encumber  
Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken,  
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber  
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for  
the charm they have broken.

*Robert Bridges.*

CLV

## THE FISH

IN a cool curving world he lies  
And ripples with dark ecstasies.

The kind luxurious lapse and steal  
Shapes all his universe to feel  
And know and be ; the clinging stream  
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,  
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides  
Superb on unreturning tides.  
Those silent waters weave for him  
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,  
Where wavering masses bulge and gape  
Mysterious, and shape to shape  
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,  
And form and line and solid follow  
Solid and line and form to dream  
Fantastic down the eternal stream ;  
An obscure world, a shifting world,  
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,  
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,  
Or serene slidings, or March narrows.  
There slipping wave and shore are one,  
And weed and mud. No ray of sun,  
But glow to glow fades down the deep  
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep) ;  
Shaken translucency illumines  
The hyaline of drifting glooms ;  
The strange soft-handed depth subdues  
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,  
As death to living, decomposes—  
Red darkness of the heart of roses,  
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,  
And gold that lies behind the eyes,  
The unknown unnameable sightless white  
That is the essential flame of night,  
Lustreless purple, hooded green,

The myriad hues that lie between  
Darkness and darkness ! . . .

And all's one,  
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,  
The world he rests in, world he knows,  
Perpetual curving. Only— grows  
An eddy in that ordered falling,  
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling  
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—  
The dark fire leaps along his blood ;  
Dateless and breathless, blind and still,  
The intricate impulse works its will ;  
His woven world drops back ; and he,  
Sans providence, sans memory,  
Unconscious and directly driven,  
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,  
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,  
Of lights in the clear night, of cries  
That drift along the wave and rise  
Thin to the glittering stars above,  
You know the hands, the eyes of love !  
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,  
The infinite distance, and the singing  
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,  
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around  
The horizon, and the heights above—  
You know the sigh, the song of love !

But there the night is close, and there  
Darkness is cold and strange and bare ;

And the secret deeps are whisperless ;  
And rhythm is all deliciousness ;  
And joy is in the throbbing tide,  
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide  
In felt bewildering harmonies  
Of trembling touch ; and music is  
The exquisite knocking of the blood.  
Space is no more, under the mud ;  
His bliss is older than the sun.  
Silent and straight the waters run.  
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,  
And the dark tide are one with him.

*Rupert Brooke.*

CLVI

THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep  
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,  
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep  
For Famagusta and the hidden sun  
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;  
And all those ships were certainly so old  
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,  
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,  
The pirate Genoese  
Hell-raked them till they rolled  
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold.  
But now through friendly seas they softly run,  
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,  
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,  
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn  
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,  
A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;  
And, wonder's breath indrawn,  
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in  
that same  
(Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new  
—Stern painted brighter blue—)  
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came  
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)  
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,  
And with great lies about his wooden horse  
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows—who knows ?  
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain  
To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

*James Elroy Flecker.*

CLVII

FLANNAN ISLE

“THOUGH three men dwell on Flannan Isle  
To keep the lamp alight,  
As we steer'd under the lee, we caught  
No glimmer through the night !”

A passing ship at dawn had brought  
The news ; and quickly we set sail,  
To find out what strange thing might ail  
The keepers of the deep-sea light.

The winter day broke blue and bright,  
With glancing sun and glancing spray,  
As o'er the swell our boat made way,  
As gallant as a gull in flight.

But, as we near'd the lonely isle ;  
And look'd up at the naked height ;  
And saw the lighthouse towering white  
With blinded lantern, that all night  
Had never shot a spark  
Of comfort through the dark,  
So ghostly in the cold sunlight  
It seem'd, that we were struck the while  
With wonder all too dread for words.

And, as into the tiny creek  
We stole beneath the hanging crag,  
We saw three queer, black, ugly birds—  
Too big, by far, in my belief,  
For guillemot or shag—  
Like seamen sitting bolt-upright  
Upon a half-tide reef :  
But, as we near'd, they plunged from sight  
Without a sound, or spurt of white.

And still too mazed to speak,  
We landed ; and made fast the boat ;

And climb'd the track in single file,  
Each wishing he was safe afloat,  
On any sea, however far,  
So it be far from Flannan Isle :  
And still we seem'd to climb, and climb,  
As though we'd lost all count of time,  
And so must climb for evermore.  
Yet, all too soon, we reached the door—  
The black, sun-blister'd lighthouse-door,  
That gaped for us ajar.

As, on the threshold, for a spell,  
We paused, we seem'd to breathe the smell  
Of limewash and of tar,  
Familiar as our daily breath,  
As though 'twere some strange scent of death :  
And so, yet wondering, side by side,  
We stood a moment, still tongue-tied :  
And each with black foreboding eyed  
The door, ere we should fling it wide,  
To leave the sunlight for the gloom :  
Till, plucking courage up, at last,  
Hard on each other's heels we pass'd  
Into the living-room.

Yet, as we crowded through the door,  
We only saw a table, spread  
For dinner, meat and cheese and bread ;  
But all untouch'd ; and no one there :  
As though, when they sat down to eat,  
Ere they could even taste,  
Alarm had come ; and they in haste  
Had risen and left the bread and meat :



For at the table-head a chair  
Lay tumbled on the floor.

We listen'd ; but we only heard  
The feeble cheeping of a bird  
That starved upon its perch :  
And, listening still, without a word,  
We set about our hopeless search.

We hunted high, we hunted low,  
And soon ransack'd the empty house ;  
Then o'er the Island, to and fro,  
We ranged, to listen and to look  
In every cranny, cleft or nook  
That might have hid a bird or mouse :  
But, though we search'd from shore to shore,  
We found no sign in any place :  
And soon again stood face to face  
Before the gaping door :  
And stole into the room once more  
As frighten'd children steal.

Aye : though we hunted high and low,  
And hunted everywhere,  
Of the three men's fate we found no trace  
Of any kind in any place,  
But a door ajar, and an untouch'd meal,  
And an overtoppled chair.

And, as we listen'd in the gloom  
Of that forsaken living-room—  
A chill clutch on our breath—  
We thought how ill-chance came to all

Who kept the Flannan Light :  
And how the rock had been the death  
Of many a likely lad :  
How six had come to a sudden end,  
And three had gone stark mad :  
And one whom we'd all known as friend  
Had leapt from the lantern one still night,  
And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall :  
And long we thought  
On the three we sought,  
And of what might yet befall. ,

Like curs a glance has brought to heel,  
We listen'd, flinching there :  
And look'd, and look'd, on the untouch'd meal  
And the overtoppled chair.

We seem'd to stand for an endless while,  
Though still no word was said,  
Three men alive on Flannan Isle,  
Who thought on three men dead.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

CLVIII

A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails  
crowding,  
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West  
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,  
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest ?

Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales  
opprest,  
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,  
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest  
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou  
knowest,  
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :  
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,  
And anchor queen of the strange shipping  
there,  
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare :  
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-  
capped, grandest  
Peak, that is over the feathery palms more  
fair  
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou  
standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,  
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine  
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,  
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.  
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is  
thine,  
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,  
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line  
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails  
crowding.

*Robert Bridges.*

CLIX

TEMPIO DI VENERE

A MARBLE ruin nigh forgotten  
Fronts sheer on Naples bay ;  
Its cornice stones are weather-rotten,  
Stained by both rain and spray.

Its steps the mounting shore has buried,  
All save the topmost three,  
To which small waves run up like hurried  
Sly kisses of the sea.

Its fluted columns crevice-jointed  
Must totter every storm.  
Bird-droppings have its eaves anointed,  
Blunted each moulding's form.

With pavement chequer-rich sand-whitened,  
Which tell-tales flaws of wind—  
With walls, that once gay pictures brightened,  
Blank as an old man's mind—

For fisher's painted boat 'tis stable,  
Festooned with nets and cords,  
Littered with dead-eyes, ends of cable,  
Crab-baskets, boat-hooks, boards.

A wreckage mast, its only rafter,  
Supports an old tanned sail.  
Here Venus dwelt who so loved laughter ;  
Here now chinks flute and wail.

Here once the pirate-Pompey's seaman  
Offered her shells and gold ;  
Here oft, flogged slave or pious leman  
Complained that hearts are sold.

No more here marble limbs shall glisten,  
Nor carved face smile here more,  
And, bending forward half to listen,  
Prompt those who mute adore.

Yet, though he call no goddess mother,  
A child bathed here to-day  
Who, naked, was as Cupid's brother,  
So sturdy, arch, and gay !

*T. Sturge Moore.*

CLX

GATES OF DAMASCUS

FOUR great gates has the city of Damascus,  
And four Grand Wardens, on their spears  
reclining,  
All day long stand like tall stone men  
And sleep on the towers when the moon  
is shining.

*This is the song of the East Gate Warden  
When he locks the great gate and smokes in  
his garden.*

Postern of Fate, the Desert Gate, Disaster's  
Cavern, Fort of Fear,  
The Portal of Bagdad am I, the Doorway of  
Diarbekir.

The Persian Dawn with new desires may net the  
flushing mountain spires :  
But my gaunt buttress still rejects the suppliance  
of those mellow fires.

Pass not beneath, O Caravan, or pass not singing.  
Have you heard  
That silence where the birds are dead yet something  
pipeth like a bird ?

Pass not beneath ! Men say there blows in stony  
deserts still a rose  
But with no scarlet to her leaf—and from whose  
heart no perfume flows.

Wilt thou bloom red where she buds pale, thy  
sister rose ? Wilt thou not fail  
When noonday flashes like a flail ? Leave  
nightingale the caravan !

Pass then, pass all ! “ Bagdad ! ” ye cry, and down  
the billows of blue sky  
Ye beat the bell that beats to hell, and who shall  
thrust ye back ? Not I.

The Sun who flashes through the head and paints  
the shagows green and red,—  
The Sun shall eat thy fleshless dead, O Caravan,  
O Caravan !

And one who licks his lips for thirst with fevered  
eyes shall face in fear  
The palms that wave, the streams that burst, his  
last mirage, O Caravan !

And one—the bird-voiced Singing-man—shall  
fall behind thee, Caravan !

And God shall meet him in the night, and he shall  
sing as best he can.

And one the Bedouin shall slay, and one, sand-  
stricken on the way,  
Go dark and blind ; and one shall say—“ How  
lonely is the Caravan ! ”

Pass out beneath, O Caravan, Doom's Caravan,  
Death's Caravan !

I had not told ye, fools, so much, save that I heard  
your Singing-man.

*This was sung by the West Gate's keeper  
When heaven's hollow dome grew deeper.*

I am the gate toward the sea : O sailor men, pass  
out from me !

I hear you high on Lebanon, singing the marvels  
of the sea.

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the  
serpent-haunted sea,

The snow-besprinkled wine of earth, the white-  
and-blue-flower foaming sea.

Beyond the sea are towns with towers, carved with  
lions and lily flowers,

And not a soul in all those lonely streets to while  
away the hours.

Beyond the towns an isle where, bound, a naked  
giant bites the ground :  
The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his  
back : and still no sound.

Beyond the isle a rock that screams like madmen  
shouting in their dreams,  
From whose dark issues night and day blood  
crashes in a thousand streams.

Beyond the rock is Restful Bay, where no wind  
breathes or ripple stirs,  
And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows  
of metal mariners.

Beyond the bay in utmost West old Solomon the  
Jewish King  
Sits with his beard upon his breast, and grips and  
guards his magic ring :

And when that ring is stolen, he will rise in out-  
raged majesty,  
And take the World upon his back, and fling the  
World beyond the sea.

*This is the song of the North Gate's master,  
Who singeth fast, but drinketh faster.*

I am the gay Aleppo Gate : a dawn, a dawn and  
thou art there :  
Eat not thy heart with fear and care, O brother of  
the beast we hate !



Thou hast not many<sup>4</sup> miles to tread, nor other foes  
than fleas to dread ;  
Horns shall behold thy morning meal and Hama  
see thee safe in bed.

Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste of  
apricots,  
And coffee tables botched with pearl, and little  
beaten brassware pots :

And thou shalt sell thy wares for thrice the  
Damascene retailers' price,  
And buy a fat Armenian slave who smelleth  
odorous and nice.

Some men of noble stock were made : some glory  
in the murder-blade :  
Some praise a Science or an Art, but I like honour-  
able Trade !

Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe ! Their heads  
are weak : their pockets burn.  
Aleppo men are mighty fools. Salaam Aleikum !  
Safe return !

*This is the song of the South Gate holder,  
A silver man, but his song is older.*

I am the Gate that fears no fall : the Mihrab of  
Damascus wall,  
The bridge of booming Sinai : the Arch of Allah  
all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim rise : the night has grown her  
single horn :

The voices of the souls unborn are half adream  
with Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching  
heart and eyes that burn :

Ah Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art  
there, when thou art there ?

God be thy guide from camp to\*camp : God be  
thy shade from well to well ;

God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the  
Prophet's camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee  
knowledge to endure

This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring  
thee out to Life again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where  
eighteen thousand Æons pass,

And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men  
see dew upon the grass.

And, son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn  
at journey's end

Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his  
head, and calls thee Friend.

*James Elroy Flecker.*

## CLXI

SENT FROM EGYPT WITH A FAIR  
ROBE OF TISSUE TO A SICILIAN  
VINE-DRESSER (276 B.C.)

PUT out to sea, if wine thou wouldest make  
Such as is made in Cos : when open boat  
May safely launch, advice of pilots take ;  
And find the deepest bottom, most remote  
From all encroachment of the crumbling shore,  
Where no fresh stream tempers the rich salt  
wave,

Forcing rash sweetness on sage ocean's brine ;  
As youthful shepherds pour  
'Their first love forth to Battos gnarled and grave,  
Fooling shrewd age to bless some fond design.

Not after storm ! but when, for a long spell,  
No white-maned horse has raced across the blue,  
Put from the beach ! lest troubled be the well—  
Less pure thy draught than from such depth  
were due.

Fast close thy largest jars, prepared and clean !  
Next weigh each buoyant womb down through  
the flood,

Far down ! when, with a cord the lid remove,  
And it will fill unseen,  
Swift as a heart Love smites sucks back the  
blood :—

This bubbles, deeper born than sighs, shall prove.

If thy bowed shoulders ache, as thou dost haul—  
Those groan who climb with rich ore from the  
mine ;  
Labour untold round Ilion girt a wall ;  
A god toiled that Achilles' arms might shine ;  
Think of these things and double knit thy will !  
Then, should the sun be hot on thy return,  
Cover thy jars with piles of bladder weed,  
Dripping, and fragrant still  
From sea-wolds where it grows like bracken fern :  
A grapnel dragged will soon supply thy need.

Home to a tun convey thy precious freight !  
Wherein, for thirty days, it should abide,  
Closed, yet not quite closed from the air, and  
wait  
While, through dim stillness, slowly doth subside  
Thick sediment. The humour of a day,  
Which has defeated youth and health and joy,  
Down, through a dreamless sleep, will settle thus,  
Till riseth maiden gay  
Set free from all glooms past—or else a boy  
Once more a school-friend worthy Troilus.

Yet to such cool wood tank some dream might  
dip :  
Vision of Aphrodite sunk to sleep,  
Or of some sailor let down from a ship,  
Young, dead, and lovely, while across the deep,  
Through the calm night, his hoarse-voiced  
comrades chaunt—  
So far at sea, they cannot reach the land  
To lay him perfect in the warm brown earth.

Pray that such dreams there haunt !  
While, through damp darkness, where thy tun  
doth stand,  
Cold salamanders sidle round its girth.

Gently draw off the clear and tomb it yet  
For other twenty days, in cedarn casks !  
Where through trance, surely, prophecy will set ;  
As, dedicated to light temple-tasks,  
The young priest dreams the unknown mystery.  
Through Ariadne, knelt disconsolate  
In the sea's marge, so welled back warmth which  
throbbed  
With nuptial promise : she  
Turned ; and, half-choked through dewy glens,  
some great,  
Some magic drone of revel coming sobbed.

Of glorious fruit, indeed, must be thy choice,  
Such as has fully ripened on the branch,  
Such as due rain, then sunshine, made rejoice,  
Which, pulped and coloured, now deep bloom  
doth blanch ;  
Clusters like odes for victors in the games,  
Strophe on strophe globed, pure nectar all !  
Spread such to dry,—if Helios grant thee grace,  
Exposed unto his flames  
Two days, or if not, three ; or, should rain fall ;  
Stretch them on hurdles in the house four days.

Grapes are not sharded chestnuts, which the tree  
Lets fall to burst them on the ground, where red

Rolls forth the fruit, from white-lined wards set  
free,  
And all undamaged glows 'mid husks it shed ;  
Nay, they are soft and should be singly stripped  
From off the bunch, by maiden's dainty hand,  
Then dropped through the cool silent depth to  
sink

(Coy, as herself hath slipped,  
Bathing, from shelves in caves along the strand)  
Till round each dark grape water barely wink ;

Since some nine measures of sea-water fill  
A butt of fifty, ere the plump fruit peep,  
—Like sombre dolphin shoals when nights are  
still,  
Which penned in Proteus' wizard circle sleep,  
And 'twixt them glinting curves of silver glance  
If Zephyr, dimpling dark calm, counts them o'er.—  
Let soak thy fruit for two days thus, then tread !  
While bare-legged bumpkins dance,  
Bright from thy bursting press arched spouts  
shall pour,  
And gurgling torrents towards thy vats run red.

Meanwhile the maidens, each with wooden rake,  
Drag back the skins and laugh at aprons splashed ;  
Or youths rest, boasting how their brown arms  
ache,  
So fast their shovels for so long have flashed,  
Baffling their comrades' legs with mounting heaps.  
Treble their labour ! still the happier they,  
Who at this genial task wear out long hours,  
Till vast night round them creeps,

When soon the torch-light dance whirls them  
away ;  
For gods who love wine double all their powers.

Iacchus is the always grateful god !  
His vineyards are more fair than gardens far ;  
Hanging, like those of Babylon, they nod  
O'er each Ionian cliff and hill-side scar !  
While Cypris lends him saltness, depth, and peace ;  
The brown earth yields him sap for richest green ;  
And he has borrowed laughter from the sky ;  
Wildness from winds ; and bees  
Bring honey.—Then choose casks which thou  
hast seen  
Are leakless, very wholesome, and quite dry !

'That Coan wine the very finest is,  
I do assure thee, who have travelled much  
And learned to judge of diverse vintages.  
Faint not before the toil ! this wine is such  
As tempteth princes launch long pirate barks ;—  
From which may Zeus protect Sicilian bays,  
And, ere long, me safe home from Egypt bring,  
Letting no black-sailed sharks  
Scent this king's gifts, for whom I sweeten praise  
With those same songs thou didst to Chloë sing !

I wrote them 'neath the vine-cloaked elm, for  
thee.  
Recall those nights ! our couches were a load  
Of scented lentisk ; upward, tree by tree,  
'Thy father's orchard sloped, and past us flowed

A stream sluiced for his vineyards ; when, above,  
The apples fell, they on to us were rolled,  
But kept us not awake.—O Laco, own  
How thou didst rave of love !  
Now art thou staid, thy son is three years old ;  
But I, who made thee love-songs, live alone.

Muse thou at dawn o'er thy yet slumbering wife !—  
Not chary of her best was nature there,  
Who, though a third of her full gift of life  
Was spent, still added beauties still more rare ;  
What calm slow days, what holy sleep at night,  
Evolved her for long twilight trystings fraught  
With panic blushes and tip-toe surmise :  
And then what mystic might—  
All, with a crowning boon, through travail  
brought !  
Consider this and give thy best likewise !

Ungrateful be not ! Laco, ne'er be that !  
Well worth thy while to make such wine 'twould  
be :  
I see thy red face 'neath thy broad straw hat,  
I see thy house, thy vineyards, Sicily !—  
Thou dost demur, good but too easy friend !  
Come, put those doubts away ! thou hast strong  
lads,  
Brave wenches ; on the steep beach lolls thy ship  
Where vine-clad slopes descend,  
Sheltering our bay, that headlong rillet glads,  
Like a stripped child fain in the sea to dip.

*T. Sturge Moore.*



## CLXII

## WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS

WE are they who come faster than fate : we are  
they who ride early or late :  
We storm at your ivory gate : Pale Kings of the  
Sunset, beware !  
Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained  
solemnity die  
Among women who chatter and cry, and children  
who mumble a prayer.  
But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we  
rise with a shout, and we tramp  
With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the  
spray of the wind in our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the  
forts of Merou and Balghar,  
Our steel we have brought and our star to shine  
on the ruins of Rum.  
We have marched from the Indus to Spain,  
and by God we will go there again ;  
We have stood on the shore of the plain where  
the Waters of Destiny boom.  
A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where  
men were afraid,  
For death was a difficult trade, and the sword  
was a broker of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured  
not a few of ambition,  
And drave not a few to perdition with medicine  
bitter and strong :  
And the shield was a grief to the fool and as  
bright as a desolate pool,  
And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when  
their cavalry thundered along :  
For the coward was drowned with the brave  
when our battle sheered up like a wave,  
And the dead to the desert we gave, and the  
glory to God in our song.

*James Elroy Flecker.*

## CLXIII

## THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

THE night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one ;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

THE mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one ;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

*Francis William Bourdillon.*

## CLXIV

## EPΩΣ

WHY hast thou nothing in thy face ?  
Thou idol of the human race,  
Thou tyrant of the human heart,  
The flower of lovely youth that art ;  
Yea, and that standest in thy youth  
An image of eternal Truth,  
With thy exuberant flesh so fair,  
That only Pheidias might compare,  
Ere from his chaste marmoreal form  
Time had decayed the colours warm ;  
Like to his gods in thy proud dress,  
Thy starry sheen of nakedness.

Surely thy body is thy mind,  
For in thy face is nought to find,  
Only thy soft unchristen'd smile,  
That shadows neither love nor guile,  
But shameless will and power immense,  
In secret sensuous innocence.

O king of joy, what is thy thought ?  
I dream thou knowest it is nought,  
And wouldst in darkness come, but thou  
Makest the light where'er thou go.  
Ah yet no victim of thy grace,  
None who e'er long'd for thy embrace,  
Hath cared to look upon thy face

*Robert Bridges.*

CLXV

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did  
meet ;

She passed the salley gardens with little snow-  
white feet.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on  
the tree ;

But I, being young and foolish, with her would  
not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-  
white hand.

She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on  
the weirs ;

But I was young and foolish, and now am full  
of tears.

*William Butler Yeats.*

CLXVI

AFTER TWO YEARS

SHE is all so slight  
And tender and white  
As a May morning.  
She walks without hood  
At dusk. It is good  
To hear her sing.

It is God's will  
That I shall love her still  
As he loves Mary,  
And night and day  
I will go forth to pray  
That she love me.

She is as gold  
Lovely, and far more cold.  
Do thou pray with me,  
For if I win grace  
To kiss twice her face  
God has done well to me.

*Richard Aldington.*

CLXVII

ET SUNT COMMERCIA CŒLI

I DID not raise mine eyes to hers,  
Although I knew she passed me near :  
I said, " Her shadow round me stirs ;  
It is enough that she is here,  
And that, for once, my way is hers."

I did not look upon her face,  
I knew with whom her heart confers ;  
For more, that moment had no place :  
I did not raise mine eyes to hers,  
I did not look upon her face.

*Herbert P. Horne.*

CLXVIII

THE HEART OF THE WOMAN

O WHAT to me the little room  
That was brimmed up with prayer and rest ;  
He bade me out into the gloom,  
And my breast lies upon his breast.

O what to me my mother's care,  
The house where I was safe and warm ;  
The shadowy blossom of my hair  
Will hide us from the bitter storm.

O hiding hair and dewy eyes,  
I am no more with life and death,  
My heart upon his warm heart lies,  
My breath is mixed into his breath.

*William Butler Yeats.*

CLXIX

THE HILL

BREATHLESS, we flung us on the windy hill,  
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.  
You said, " Through glory and ecstasy we pass ;  
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,  
When we are old, are old. . . . " " And when  
we die  
All's over that is ours ; and life burns on  
Through other lovers, other lips," said I,  
" Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won ! "

" We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.  
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith ! " we  
said ;

" We shall go down with unreluctant tread  
Rose-crowned into the darkness ! . . ." Proud  
we were,  
And laughed, that had such brave true things  
to say.

And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

*Rupert Brooke.*

CLXX

" NON SUM QUALIS ERAM BONAE SUB  
REGNO CYNARAE "

LAST night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and  
mine

There fell thy shadow, Cynara ! thy breath was  
shed

Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine ;  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart  
beat,

Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she  
lay ;

Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were  
sweet ;

But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was grey :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara ! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind ;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara ! the night is thine .  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

*Ernest Dowson.*

CLXXI

O WOMAN of my love, I am walking with you on  
the sand,

And the moon's white on the sand and the foam's  
white in the sea ;

And I am thinking my own thoughts, and your  
hand is on my hand,

And your heart thinks by my side, and it's not  
thinking of me.



O woman of my love, the world is narrow and  
wide,  
And I wonder which is the lonelier of us two ?  
You are thinking of one who is near to your heart,  
and far from your side ;  
I am thinking my own thoughts, and they are all  
thoughts of you.

*Arthur Symons.*

CLXXII

THE APPARITION

My dead Love came to me, and said :  
“ God gives me one hour’s rest  
To spend upon the earth with thee :  
How shall we spend it best ? ”

“ Why, as of old,” I said ; and so  
We quarrelled as of old.  
But when I turn’d to make my peace  
That one short hour was told.

*Stephen Phillips.*

CLXXIII

I HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE GATES

His heart, to me, was a place of palaces and  
pinnacles and shining towers ;  
I saw it then as we see things in dreams,—I do  
not remember how long I slept ;

I remember the trees, and the high, white walls,  
and how the sun was always on the towers ;  
The walls are standing to-day, and the gates : I  
have been through the gates, I have groped,  
I have crept  
Back, back. There is dust in the streets, and  
blood ; they are empty ; darkness is over  
them ;  
His heart is a place with the lights gone out, for-  
saken by great winds and the heavenly rain,  
unclean and unswept,  
Like the heart of the holy city, old, blind, beautiful  
Jerusalem,  
Over which Christ wept.

*Charlotte Mew.*

## CLXXIV

## THE TRAGIC MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

I COULD wish to be dead !  
Too quick with life were the tears I shed,  
Too sweet for tears is the life I led ;  
And ah, too lonesome my marriage-bed !  
I could wish to be dead.

I could wish to be dead,  
For just a word that rings in my head ;  
Too dear, too dear are the words he said,  
They must never be remembered.  
I could wish to be dead.

I could wish to be dead :  
The wish to be loved is all mis-read,  
And to love, one learns when one is wed,  
Is to suffer bitter shame ; instead  
I could wish to be dead.

*Michael Field.*

CLXXV

SHE comes not when Noon is on the roses—  
Too bright is Day.  
She comes not to the soul till it reposes  
From work and play.

But when Night is on the hills, and the great  
Voices  
Roll in from sea,  
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight  
She comes to me.

*Herbert Trench.*

CLXXVI

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's  
height,  
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet  
bright ;

But it must never, never come in sight ;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,  
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

*Alice Meynell.*

CLXXVII

NEVER GIVE ALL THE HEART

NEVER give all the heart, for love  
Will hardly seem worth thinking of  
To passionate women if it seem  
Certain, and they never dream  
That it fades out from kiss to kiss ;  
For everything that's lovely is  
But a brief, dreamy, kind delight.  
O never give the heart outright,  
For they, for all smooth lips can say,  
Have given their hearts up to the play.  
And who could play it well enough  
If deaf and dumb and blind with love ?  
He that made this knows all the cost,  
For he gave all his heart and lost.

*William Butler Yeats.*

## CLXXVIII

We were not made for refuges of lies,  
And false embattled bulwarks will not screen us.  
We mocked the careful shieldings of the wise,  
And only utter truth can be between us.

Long suns and moons have wrought this day at  
length,  
The heavens in naked majesty have told thee.  
To see me as I am have thou the strength ;  
And, even as thou art, I dare behold thee.  
*Mary Coleridge.*

## CLXXIX

## THE VISITING SEA

As the inhastening tide doth roll,  
Home from the deep, along the whole  
Wide shining strand, and floods the caves  
—Your love comes filling with happy waves  
The open sea-shore of my soul.

But inland from the seaward spaces,  
None knows, not even you, the places  
Brimmed, at your coming, out of sight,  
—The little solitudes of delight  
This tide constrains in dim embraces.

You see the happy shore, wave-rimmed,  
But know not of the quiet dimmed  
Rivers your coming floods and fills,  
The little pools 'mid happier hills,  
My silent rivulets, over-brimmed.

What, I have secrets from you ? Yes.  
But, visiting Sea, your love doth press  
And reach in further than you know,  
And fills all these ; and, when you go,  
There's loneliness in loneliness.\*

*Alice Meynell.*

CLXXX

DREAM-TRYST

THE breaths of kissing night and day  
Were mingled in the eastern Heaven :  
Throbbing with unheard melody  
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven :  
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,  
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey ;  
And souls went palely up the sky,  
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes  
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;  
There was no change in her deep heart  
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.

Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's  
Wherein did ever come and go  
The sparkle of the fountain drops  
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams  
Are fed with so divine an air,  
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,  
And they who walk there are most fair.  
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,  
Who with the Past meet girt about :  
Where our last kiss still warms the air,  
Nor can her eyes go out.

*Francis Thompson.*

CLXXXI

TO A LOST LOVE

I CANNOT look upon thy grave,  
Though there the rose is sweet :  
Better to hear the long wave wash  
These wastes about my feet !

Shall I take comfort ? Dost thou live  
A spirit, though afar,  
With a deep hush about thee, like  
The stillness round a star ?

Oh, thou art cold ! In that high sphere  
Thou art a thing apart,  
Losing in saner happiness  
This madness of the heart.

And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel  
A passing breath, a pain ;  
Disturb'd, as though a door in heaven  
Had oped and closed again.

And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns,  
The solemn hymns shall cease ;  
A moment half remember me :  
Then turn away to peace.

But oh, for evermore thy look,  
Thy laugh, thy charm, thy tone,  
Thy sweet and wayward earthliness,  
Dear trivial things, are gone !

Therefore I look not on thy grave,  
Though there the rose is sweet ;  
But rather hear the loud wave wash  
These wastes about my feet.

*Stephen Phillips*

CLXXXII

WHETHER I live, or whether I die,  
Whatever the worlds I see,  
I shall come to you by-and-by,  
And you will come to me.

Whoever was foolish, we were wise,  
We crossed the boundary line,  
I saw my soul look out of your eyes,  
You saw your soul in mine.

*Mary Coleridge.*



## CLXXXIII

My delight and thy delight  
Walking, like two angels white,  
In the gardens of the night :

My desire and thy desire  
Twining to a tongue of fire,  
Leaping 'live, and laughing higher ;

Thro' the everlasting strife  
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,  
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,  
Whence the million stars were strewn,  
Why each atom knows its own,  
How, in spite of woe and death,  
Gay is life, and sweet is breath :

This he taught us, this we knew,  
Happy in his science true,  
Hand in hand as we stood  
'Neath the shadows of the wood,  
Heart to heart as we lay  
In the dawning of the day.

*Robert Bridges.*

## CLXXXIV

## BAILE AND AILLINN

ABOUT the time when Christ was born,  
When the long wars for the White Horn  
And the Brown Bull had not yet come,  
Young Baile Honey-Mouth, whom some  
Called rather Baile Little-Land,"  
Rode out of Emain with a band  
Of harpers and young men ; and they  
Imagined, as they struck the way  
To many-pastured Muirthemne,  
That all things fell out happily,  
And there, for all that fools had said,  
Baile and Aillinn would be wed.

They found an old man running there :  
He had ragged long grass-coloured hair ;  
He had knees that stuck out of his hose ;  
He had puddle water in his shoes ;  
He had half a cloak to keep him dry,  
Although he had a squirrel's eye.

That runner said : " I am from the south ;  
I run to Baile Honey-Mouth,  
To tell him how the girl Aillinn  
Rode from the country of her kin,  
And old and young men rode with her :  
For all that country had been astir

If anybody half as fair  
Had chosen a husband anywhere  
But where it could see her every day.  
When they had ridden a little way  
An old man caught the horse's head  
With : ' You must home again, and wed  
With somebody in your own land.'  
A young man cried and kissed her hand,  
' O lady, wed with one of us ' ;  
And when no face grew piteous  
For any gentle thing she spake,  
She fell and died of the heart-break."

Because a lover's heart's worn out,  
Being tumbled and blown about  
By its own blind imagining,  
And will believe that anything  
That is bad enough to be true, is true,  
Baile's heart was broken in two ;  
And he being laid upon green boughs,  
Was carried to the goodly house  
Where the Hound of Ulad sat before  
The brazen pillars of his door,  
His face bowed low to weep the end  
Of the harper's daughter and her friend.  
For although years had passed away  
He always wept them on that day,  
For on that day they had been betrayed ;  
And now that Honey-Mouth is laid  
Under a cairn of sleepy stone  
Before his eyes, he has tears for none,  
Although he is carrying stone, but two  
For whom the cairn's but heaped anew.

Now had that old gaunt crafty one,  
 Gathering his cloak about him, run  
 Where Aillinn rode with waiting maids,  
 Who amid leafy lights and shades  
 Dreamed of the hands that would unlace  
 Their bodices in some dim place  
 When they had come to the marriage bed ;  
 And harpers, pacing with high head  
 As though their music were enough  
 To make the savage heart of love  
 Grow gentle without sorrowing,  
 Imagining and pondering  
 Heaven knows what calamity ;

“ Another’s hurried off,” cried he,  
 “ From heat and cold and wind and wave ;  
 They have heaped the stones above his grave  
 In Muirthemne, and over it  
 In changeless Ogham letters writ—  
*Baile, that was of Rury’s seed.*  
 But the gods long ago decreed  
 No waiting maid should ever spread  
 Baile and Aillinn’s marriage bed,  
 For they should clip and clip again  
 Where wild bees hive on the Great Plain.  
 Therefore it is but little news  
 That put this hurry in my shoes.”

Then seeing that he scarce had spoke  
 Before her love-worn heart had broke,  
 He ran and laughed until he came  
 To that high hill the herdsmen name

The Hill Seat of Leighin, because  
Some god or king had made the laws  
That held the land together there,  
In old times among the clouds of the air.

That old man climbed ; the day grew dim ;  
Two swans came flying up to him,  
Linked by a gold chain each to each,  
And with low murmuring laughing speech  
Alighted o' the windy grass.  
They knew him : his changed body was  
Tall, proud and ruddy, and light wings  
Were hovering over the harp-strings  
That Etain, Midhir's wife, had wove  
In the hid place, being crazed by love.

What shall I call them ? fish that swim,  
Scale rubbing scale where light is dim  
By a broad water-lily leaf ;  
Or mice in the one wheaten sheaf  
Forgotten at the threshing place ;  
Or birds lost in the one clear space  
Of morning light in a dim sky ;  
Or, it may be, the eyelids of one eye,  
Or the door pillars of one house,  
Or two sweet blossoming apple-boughs  
That have one shadow on the ground ;  
Or the two strings that made one sound  
Where that wise harper's finger ran.  
For this young girl and this young man  
Have happiness without an end,  
Because they have made so good a friend

They know all wonders, for they pass  
The towery gates of Gorias,  
And Findrias and Falias,  
And long-forgotten Murias,  
Among the giant kings whose hoard,  
Cauldron and spear and stone and sword,  
Was robbed before earth gave the wheat ;  
Wandering from broken street to street  
They come where some huge watcher is,  
And tremble with their love and kiss.

They know undying things, for they  
Wander where earth withers away,  
Though nothing troubles the great streams  
But light from the pale stars, and gleams  
From the holy orchards, where there is none  
But fruit that is of precious stone,  
Or apples of the sun and moon.

What were our praise to them ? They eat  
Quiet's wild heart, like daily meat ;  
Who when night thickens are afloat  
On dappled skins in a glass boat,  
Far out under a windless sky ;  
While over them birds of Aengus fly,  
And over the tiller and the prow,  
And waving white wings to and fro  
Awaken wanderings of light air  
To stir their coverlet and their hair.

And poets found, old writers say,  
A yew tree where his body lay ;

But a wild apple hid the grass  
With its sweet blossom where hers was ;  
And being in good heart, because  
A better time had come again  
After the deaths of many men,  
And that long fighting at the ford,  
They wrote on tablets of thin board,  
Made of the apple and the yew,  
All the love stories that they knew.

*William Butler Yeats.*

CLXXXV

TO MEMORY

STRANGE Power, I know not what thou art,  
Murderer or mistress of my heart.  
I know I'd rather meet the blow  
Of my most unrelenting foe  
Than live—as I now live—to be  
Slain twenty times a day by thee.

Yet, when I would command thee hence,  
Thou mockest at the vain pretence,  
Murmuring in mine ear a song  
Once loved, alas ! forgotten long ;  
And on my brow I feel a kiss  
That I would rather die than miss.

*Mary Coleridge.*

CLXXXVI

## A CHILD'S KISS

ONCE, bright Sylviola ! in days not far,  
Once—in that nightmare-time which still doth  
    haunt

My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant—  
Forlorn, and faint, and stark,  
I had endured through watches of the dark  
The abashless inquisition of each star,  
Yea, was the outcast mark  
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny ;  
Stood bound and helplessly  
For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me ;  
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour  
In night's slow-wheelèd car ;  
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length  
From under those dread wheels ; and, bled of  
    strength,

I waited the inevitable last.

Then there came past

A child ; like thee, a spring-flower ; but a flower  
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,  
And through the city-streets blown withering.  
She passed,—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender  
    thing !—

And of her own scant pittance did she give,

That I might eat and live :

Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

Therefore I kissed in thee

The heart of Childhood, so divine for me ;



And her, through what sore ways,  
And what unchildish days,  
Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fugitive.  
Therefore I kissed in thee  
Her, child ! and innocence,  
And spring, and all things that have gone from  
me,  
And that shall never be ;  
All vanished hopes, and all most hopeless bliss,  
Came with thee to my kiss.  
And ah ! so long myself had strayed afar  
From child, and woman, and the boon earth's  
green,  
And all wherewith life's face is fair beseen ;  
Journeying its journey bare  
Five suns, except of the all-kissing sun  
Unkissed of one ;  
Almost I had forgot  
The healing harms,  
And whitest witchery, a-lurk in that  
Authentic cestus of two girdling arms :  
And I remembered not  
The subtle sanctities which dart  
From childish lips' unvalued precious brush,  
Nor how it makes the sudden lilies push  
Between the loosening fibres of the heart.  
Then, that thy little kiss  
Should be to me all this,  
Let workaday wisdom blink sage lids thereat ;  
Which towers a flight three hedgerows high, poor  
bat !  
And straightway charts me out the empyreal  
air.

Its chart I wing not by, its canon of worth  
Scorn not, nor reck though mine should breed it  
mirth :

And howso thou and I may be disjoint,  
Yet still my falcon spirit makes her point  
Over the covert where  
Thou, sweetest quarry, hast put in from her !

*Francis Thompson.*

## CLXXXVII

So sweet love seemed that April morn,  
When first we kissed beside the thorn,  
So strangely sweet, it was not strange  
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—  
That love will change in growing old ;  
Though day by day is nought to see,  
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass  
Quite to forget what once he was,  
Nor even in fancy to recall  
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,  
So deep in summer floods is drowned,  
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,  
How love so young could be so sweet.

*Robert Bridges.*

## CLXXXVIII

IF all the tears thou madest mine  
Set in thy heaven for stars could shine,  
Thou shouldst not want for light,  
Even in the darkest night.

If all the joys thou madest one  
To light my heart could be thy sun,  
So great would be the light  
Thou never shouldst have night.

*Margaret L. Woods.*

## CLXXXIX

THE clouds that are so light,  
Beautiful, swift and bright,  
Cast shadows on field and park  
Of the earth that is so dark.

And even so now, light one !  
Beautiful, swift and bright one !  
You let fall on a heart that was dark,  
Unillumined, a deeper mark.

But clouds would have, without earth  
To shadow, far less worth :  
Away from your shadow on me  
Your beauty less would be,

And if it still be treasured  
In age hence, it shall be measured  
By this small dark spot  
Without which it were not.

*Edward Thomas.*

CXC

# THE FOLLY OF BEING COMFORTED

ONE that is ever kind said yesterday :  
" Your well-beloved's hair has threads of grey,  
And little shadows come about her eyes ;  
Time can but make it easier to be wise  
Though now it seem impossible, and so  
Patience is all that you have need of."

No,  
I have not a crumb of comfort, not a grain.  
Time can but make her beauty over again :  
Because of that great nobleness of hers  
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs  
Burns but more clearly. O she had not these ways  
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.  
O heart ! O heart ! if she'd but turn her head,  
You'd know the folly of being comforted.

*William Butler Yeats.*

CXCI

WHAT is this atom which contains the whole,  
This miracle which needs adjuncts so strange,  
This, which imagined God and is the soul,  
The steady star persisting amid change ?

What waste, that smallness of such power should  
need

Such clumsy tools so easy to destroy,  
Such wasteful servants difficult to feed,  
Such indirect dark avenues to joy.  
Why, if its business is not mainly earth,  
Should it demand such heavy chains to sense ?  
A heavenly thing demands a swifter birth,  
A quicker hand to act intelligence ;  
An earthly thing were better like the rose,  
At peace with clay from which its beauty grows.

*John Masefield.*

CXCII

O LITTLE self, within whose smallness lies  
All that man was, and is, and will become,  
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies  
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam ;  
That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,  
The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,  
And in the hovel can consort with kings,  
Or clothe a God with his own mystery.  
O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,  
What dusty folly gather thee for food,  
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,  
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.  
O living self, O God, O morning star,  
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.

*John Masefield.*

CXCIII

NIGHT-ERRANTRY

THREE long breaths of the blessed night  
And I am fast asleep ;  
No need to read by candle-light  
Or count a flock of sheep.

Deep, deep I lie as any dead,  
Save my breath comes and goes ;  
The holy dark is like a bed  
With violet curtains close.

And while enfolded I lie there  
Until the dawn of day,  
My body is the prisoner,  
My soul slips out to play.

A-tiptoe on the window-sill  
He listens like a mouse,  
The calling wind blows from the hill  
And circles round the house.

Above the voices of the town  
It whispers in the tree,  
And brings the message of the Down :  
'Tis there my soul would be.

Then while enchain'd my body lies  
Like a dead man in grave,  
Thither on trackless feet he hies,  
On wings that make no wave.

The dawn comes out in cold gray sark  
And finds him flitting there  
Among the creatures of the dark,  
Vixen and brock and hare.

O wild white face that's none of mine,  
O eager eyes unknown,  
What will you do with Proserpine,  
And what shall I, alone ?

O flying feet, O naked sides,  
O tresses flwing free,  
And are you his that all day bides  
So soberly in me ?

The sun streams up behind the hill  
And strikes the window-pane ;  
The empty land lies hot and still,  
And I am I again.

*Maurice Hewlett.*

CXCIV

THE WASTE PLACES

As a naked man I go  
Through the desert sore afraid,  
Holding up my head, although  
I am as frightened as a maid.

The crouching lion there I saw  
From barren rocks lift up his eye,  
He parts the cactus with his paw,  
He stares at me as I go by.

He would follow on my trace  
If he knew I was afraid,  
If he knew my hardy face  
Hides the terrors of a maid.

In the night he rises, and  
He stretches forth, he snuffs the air,  
He roars and leaps along the sand,  
He creeps and watches everywhere.

His burning eyes, his eyes of bale,  
Through the darkness I can see ;  
He lashes fiercely with his tail,  
He would love to spring at me.

I am the lion in his lair,  
I am the fear that frightens me,  
I am the desert of despair,  
And the nights of agony.

Night or day, whate'er befall,  
I must walk that desert land,  
Until I can dare to call  
The lion out to lick my hand.

*James Stephens.*

CXCV

## BEWARE

I CLOSED my hands upon a moth  
And when I drew my palms apart,  
Instead of dusty, broken wings,  
I found a bleeding human heart.



I crushed my foot upon a worm  
That had my garden for its goal,  
But when I drew my foot aside  
I found a dying human soul.

*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

CXCVI

“ REPROACH

YOUR grieving moonlight face looks down  
Through the forest of my fears,  
Crowned with a spiny bramble-crown,  
Dew-dropped with evening tears.

Why do you spell “ untrue, unkind,”  
Reproachful eyes, plaguing my sleep ?  
I am not guilty in my mind  
Of aught would make you weep.

Untrue ? but how, what broken oath ?  
Unkind ? I know not even your name.  
Unkind, untrue, you charge me both,  
Scalding my heart with shame.

The black trees shudder, dropping snow,  
The stars tumble and spin.  
Speak, speak, or how may a child know  
His ancestral sin ?

*Robert Graves.*

CXCVII

*Iustus quidem tu es, Domine, si disputem tecum, etc.*

THOU art indeed just, Lord, if I contend  
With thee ; but, sir, so what I plead is just.  
Why do sinners' ways prosper ? and why must  
Disappointment all I endeavour end ?

Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,  
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou  
dost  
Defeat, thwart me ? Oh, the sots and thralls of  
lust

Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,  
Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes  
Now, leaved how thick ! laced they are again  
With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes  
Them ; birds build—but not I build ; no, but  
strain,  
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that  
wakes.

Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

*Gerard Hopkins.*

CXCVIII

OUR LADY

MOTHER of God ! no lady thou :  
Common woman of common earth !  
OUR LADY ladies call thee now,  
But Christ was never of gentle birth :  
A common man of the common earth.

For God's ways are not as our ways.  
The noblest lady in the land  
Would have given up half her days,  
Would have cut off her right hand,  
To bear the Child that was God of the land.

Never a lady did He choose,  
Only a maid of low degree,  
So humble she might not refuse  
The carpenter of Galilee.  
A daughter of the people, she.

Out she sang the song of her heart.  
Never a lady so had sung.  
She knew no letters, had no art ;  
To all mankind, in woman's tongue,  
Hath Israelitish Mary sung.

And still for men to come she sings,  
Nor shall her singing pass away.  
“ *He hath filled the hungry with good things* ”—  
Oh, listen, lords and ladies gay !—  
“ *And the rich He hath sent empty away.* ”

*Mary Coleridge.*

CXCIX

THE LADY POVERTY

I MET her on the Umbrian hills,  
Her hair unbound, her feet unshod :  
As one whom secret glory fills  
She walked, alone with God.

I met her in the city street :  
Oh, changed was all her aspect then !  
With heavy eyes and weary feet  
She walked alone, with men.

*Evelyn Underhill.*

CC

### HOLY POVERTY

CROWNING Life so over-wise,  
You have hid his tender eyes.  
Dressing Life so over-fine,  
You have starched his grace divine.  
Ease his brows of irking crown,  
He has smiles for all the town.  
Doff his cloak and let him run,  
He will lead where shines the sun.  
Loose his mufflings, you shall prove,  
Life's bare lips are lips of love.

*Arthur Shearly Cripps.*

CCI

### BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

SOMBRE and rich, the skies ;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs ;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me : and around  
The saddest of all kings  
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall :  
Only the night wind glides :  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court ; and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are :  
Stars in their stations set ;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king :  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :  
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?  
Which are more still and great :  
Those brows ; or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy :  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death  
By beauty made amends :  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence ?* Yea :  
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom :  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vexed in the world's employ :  
His soul was of the saints ;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !  
Men hunger for thy grace :  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps ;  
When all the cries are still :  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

*Lionel Johnson.*

CCII

TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

To the forgotten dead,  
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.  
To every fervent yet resolved heart

That brought its tameless passion and its tears,  
 Renunciation and laborious years,  
 To lay the deep foundations of our race,  
 To rear its mighty ramparts overhead  
 And light its pinnacles with golden grace.  
                                 To the unhonoured dead.

                                To the forgotten dead,  
 Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the  
                 rein  
 Of Fate and hurf into the void again  
 Her thunder-hoofed horses, rushing blind  
 Earthward along the courses of the wind.  
 Among the stars, along the wind in vain  
 Their souls were scattered and their blood was  
                 shed,  
 And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.  
                                 To the thrice-perished dead.

*Margaret L. Woods.*

### CCIII

### A CHARM

TAKE of English earth as much  
 As either hand may rightly clutch.  
 In the taking of it breathe  
 Prayer for all who lie beneath.  
 Not the great nor well-bespoke,  
 But the mere uncounted folk

Of whose life and death is none  
Report or lamentation.

Lay that earth upon thy heart,  
And thy sickness shall depart !

It shall sweeten and make whole  
Fevered breath and festered soul. .  
It shall mightily restrain  
Over-busy hand and brain.  
It shall ease thy mortal strife  
'Gainst the immortal woe of life,  
Till thyself, restored, shall prove  
By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these—  
Spring's full-faced primroses,  
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,  
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,  
And, thy darkness to illumine,  
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.  
Seek and serve them where they bide  
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide,  
For these simples, used aright,  
Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify  
Webbed and inward-turning eye ;  
These shall show thee treasure hid,  
Thy familiar fields amid ;  
And reveal (which is thy need)  
Every man a King indeed !

*Rudyard Kipling.*



## CCIV

## THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

LADEN with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the  
glory of achievement,  
And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,  
Sweeping by shores where the names are the  
names of the victories of England,  
Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp  
of a funeral at midnight,  
When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;  
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are  
gaunt beneath the torchlight  
That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the  
Admiral triumphant,  
And fain to rest him after all his pain ;  
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever  
unforgotten,  
He prayed to see the western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long gray with the  
coming of the daybreak,  
Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,  
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud  
renown of warfare,  
And life of all its longings kept but one.

“ Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade  
draws in beside the hedgerows,  
And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :  
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and  
human in the twilight,  
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

“ Only to look once more on the land of the  
memories of childhood,  
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :  
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard  
and the moorland,  
And sleep at last among the fields of home ! ”

So he was silently praying, till now, when his  
strength was ebbing faster,  
The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;  
Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs  
laughed along the coast-line,  
And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green  
leaves down beside the water,  
The town, the Hoe, the masts with sunset fired—  
Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great  
heart faltered on the threshold,  
And darkness took the land his soul desired.

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

## CCV

## SUSSEX

GOD gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordn'd for each one spot should prove  
Belov'd over all ;  
That, as He watch'd Creation's birth,  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's trade.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
No bosomed woods adorn  
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,  
But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
And through the gaps revealed  
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword ?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
All heavy-winged with brine;  
Here lies above the folded crest  
The Channel's leaden line ;  
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
And here, each warning each,  
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
Our broad and brookless vales—  
Only the dewpond on the height  
Unfed, that never fails,  
Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies—  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days  
The tinkling silence thrills ;  
Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
The Lord who made the hills ;  
But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
And, in her secret heart,

The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found  
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,  
With equal soul I'd see  
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,  
Yet none more fair than she.  
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,  
And I will choose instead  
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,  
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun  
Where the rolled scarp retires,  
And the Long Man of Wilmington  
Looks naked toward the shires ;  
And east till doubling Rother crawls  
To find the fickle tide,  
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws  
And the deep ghylls that breed  
Huge oaks of old, the which we hold  
No more than "Sussex weed" ;  
Or South where windy Piddinghoe's  
Begilded dolphin veers,  
And black beside wide-bank'd Ouse  
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
Till the sure magic strike,

And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
Us and our fields alike—  
That deeper than our speech and thought,  
Beyond our reason's sway,  
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

*Rudyard Kipling.*

## CCVI

## A RUNNABLE STAG

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green  
broom,  
And apples began to be golden-skin'd,  
We harbour'd a stag in the Priory coomb,  
And we feather'd his trail up-wind, up-wind,  
We feather'd his trail up-wind—  
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,  
And "Forwards" we heard the harbourer shout ;  
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap  
In the beechen underwood, driven out,  
From the underwood antler'd out  
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind  
Was bent on sleep, though beam'd and tined  
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon  
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North ;  
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune  
Before we tufted the right stag forth,  
Before we tufted him forth,  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup  
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.  
"Tally ho ! tally ho !" and the hunt was up,  
The tufters whipp'd and the pack laid on,  
The resolute pack laid on,  
And the stag of warrant away at last,  
The runnable stag, the same, the same,  
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

"Let your gelding be : if you check or chide  
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt ;

For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
On hunters accustom'd to bear the brunt,  
Accustom'd to bear the brunt,  
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,  
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,  
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,  
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,  
The quarry went right ahead—  
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;  
His antler'd crest, his cloven hoof,  
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,  
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,  
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore  
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,  
Of harbourer, hounds and all—  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
He ran, and he never was caught alive,  
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turn'd at bay in the leafy gloom,  
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep  
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,  
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep  
In a wonderful vision of sleep,



A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed,  
Under the sheltering ocean dead,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,  
And he open'd his nostrils wide again,  
And he toss'd his branching antlers high  
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen  
As he raced down the echoing glen—  
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,  
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,  
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,  
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—  
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag  
That slept at last in a jewell'd bed  
Under the sheltering ocean spread,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

*John Davidson.*

CCVII

TO IRON-FOUNDERS AND OTHERS

WHEN you destroy a blade of grass,  
You poison England at her roots :

Remember no man's foot can pass  
Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high  
Where your unnatural vapours creep :  
Surely the living rocks shall die  
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament,  
And yet no heaven is more near ;  
You shape huge deeds without event,  
And half-made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,  
Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,  
Have molten bowels ; your vision is  
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,  
Preparing destinies of rust ;  
Iron misused must turn to blight  
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,  
But plants that spring in ruins and shards  
Attend until your dream is done :  
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm  
Know not your loads piled on their soil ;  
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm  
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd,  
And when, to grasp more power and feasts,  
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,  
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield  
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,  
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,  
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

*Gordon Bottomley.*

CCVIII

GIBRALTAR

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm  
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more  
We ride into still water and the calm  
Of a sweet evening, screen'd by either shore  
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,  
Our exile is accomplish'd. Once again  
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore  
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.

Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules  
And Goth and Moor bequeath'd us. At this door  
England stands sentry. God ! to hear the shrill  
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,  
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar  
To see her redcoats marching from the hill !

*Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.*

CCIX

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile  
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide  
dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon  
seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'  
Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drumm'd  
them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas  
come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they  
found him long ago !

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

CCX

THE SOLDIER

IF I should die, think only this of me :  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*Rupert Brooke.*

CCXI

ST. GEORGE'S DAY—YPRES 1915

To fill the gap, to bear the brunt  
 With bayonet and with spade,  
 Four hundred to a four-mile front  
 Unbacked and undismayed—  
 What men are these, of what great race,  
 From what old shire or town,  
 That run with such goodwill to face  
 Death on a Flemish down ?

*Let be ! they bind a broken line :  
 As men die, so die they.  
 Land of the free ! their life was thine,  
 It is St. George's Day.*

Yet say whose ardour bids them stand  
 At bay by yonder bank,  
 Where a boy's voice and a boy's hand  
 Close up the quivering rank,  
 Who under those all-shattering skies  
 Plays out his captain's part  
 With the last darkness in his eyes  
 And *Domum* in his heart ?

*Let be, let be ! in yonder line  
 All names are burned away.  
 Land of his love ! the fame be thine,  
 It is St. George's Day.*

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

## CCXII

## FULFILMENT

WAS there love once ? I have forgotten her.  
Was there grief once ? grief yet is mine.  
Other loves I have, men rough, but men who stir  
More grief, more joy, than love of thee and thine.

Faces cheerful, full of whimsical mirth,  
Lined by the wind, burned by the sun ;  
Bodies enraptured by the abounding earth,  
As whose children we are brethren : one.

And any moment may descend hot death  
To shatter limbs ! pulp, tear, blast  
Beloved soldiers who love rough life and breath  
Not less for dying faithful to the last.

O the fading eyes, the grimed face turned bony,  
Oped mouth gushing, fallen head,  
Lessening pressure of a hand shrunk, clammed,  
and stony !  
O sudden spasm, release of the dead !

Was there love once ? I have forgotten her.  
Was there grief once ? grief yet is mine.  
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,  
All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine !

*Robert Nichols.*

CCXIII

THE DEAD

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away ; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
That men call age ; and those who would have  
    been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our  
    dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
And we have come into our heritage.

*Rupert Brooke.*

CCXIV

ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTH

WHAT passing-bells for these who die as cattle ?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.



No mockeries for them ; no prayers nor bells,  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells ;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all ?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall ;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

*Wilfred Owen.*

CCXV

REBIRTH

1914-18.

If any God should say  
    "I will restore  
The world her yesterday  
    Whole as before  
My Judgments blasted it"—who would not lift  
Heart, eye, and hand in passion o'er the gift ?

If any God should will  
    To wipe from mind  
The memory of this ill  
    Which is mankind  
In soul and substance now—who would not bless  
Even to tears His loving-tenderness ?

If any God should give  
Us leave to fly  
These present deaths we live,  
And safely die  
In those lost lives we lived ere we were born—  
What man but would not laugh the excuse to  
scorn ?

For we are what we are—  
So broke to blood  
And the strict works of war—  
So long subdued  
To sacrifice, that threadbare Death commands  
Hardly observance at our busier hands.

Yet we were what we were,  
And, fashioned so,  
It pleases us to stare  
At the far show  
Of unbelievable years and shapes that flit,  
In our own likeness, on the edge of it.

*Rudyard Kipling.*

CCXVI

IN TIME OF  
" THE BREAKING OF NATIONS "

ONLY a man harrowing clods  
In a slow silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch-grass ;  
Yet this will go onward the same  
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by :  
War's annals will cloud into night  
Ere their story die.

*Thomas Hardy*

CCXVII

EVERYONE SANG

EVERYONE suddenly burst out singing ;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark green fields ; on ; on ; and  
out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the setting sun.  
My heart was shaken with tears, and horror  
Drifted away . . . O but everyone  
Was a bird ; and the song was wordless ; the  
singing will never be done.

*Siegfried Sassoon.*

CCXVIII

THE LITTLE THINGS

THE little things, the little restless things,  
The base and barren things, the things that spite  
The day, and trail processions through the night  
Of sad remembrances and questionings ;  
The poverties, stupidities and stings,  
The silted misery, the hovering blight ;  
The things that block the paths of sound and sight ;  
The things that snare one's thought and break its  
wings—

How shall we bear these ?—we who suffer so  
The shattering sacrifice, the huge despair,  
The terrors loosed like lightnings on the air,  
To leave all nature blackened from that curse !  
The big things are the enemies we know,  
The little things the traitors. Which are worse ?

*Gerald Gould.*

CCXIX

THE HAWK

THOU dost not fly, thou art not perched.  
The air is all around :  
What is it that can keep thee set,  
From falling to the ground ?  
The concentration of thy mind  
Supports thee in the air ;  
As thou dost watch the small young birds,  
With such a deadly care.

My mind has such a hawk as thou,  
It is an evil mood ;  
It comes when there's no cause for grief,  
And on my joys doth brood.  
Then do I see my life in parts ;  
The earth receives my bones,  
The common air absorbs my mind—  
It knows not flowers from stones.

*William Henry Davies.*

CCXX

THE TREE

THIS is the living thing that cannot stir.  
Where the seed chances there it roots and grows,  
To suck what makes the lily or the fir  
Out of the earth and from the air that blows.  
Great power of Will that little thing the seed  
Has, all alone in earth, to plan the tree,  
And, though the mud oppresses, to succeed  
And put out branches where the birds may be.  
Then the wind blows it, but the bending boughs  
Exult like billows, and their million green  
Drink the all-living sunlight in carouse,  
Like dainty harts where forest wells are clean,  
While it, the central plant, which looks o'er miles,  
Draws milk from the earth's breast, and sways, and  
smiles.

*John Masefield.*

CCXXI

O DREAMY, GLOOMY, FRIENDLY TREES

O DREAMY, gloomy, friendly Trees,  
I came along your narrow track  
To bring my gifts unto your knees  
And gifts did you give back ;  
For when I brought this heart that burns—  
These thoughts that bitterly repine—  
And laid them here among the ferns  
And the hum of boughs divine,  
Ye, vastest breathers of the air,  
Shook down with slow and mighty poise  
Your coolness on the human care,  
Your wonder on its toys,  
Your greenness on the heart's despair,  
Your darkness on its noise.

*Herbert Trench.*

CCXXII

THE CELL

WHEN from the hush of this cool wood  
I go, Lord, to the noisy mart,  
Give me among the multitude,  
I pray, a lonely heart.

Yea, build in me a secret cell  
Where quietness shall be a song :  
In that green solitude I'll dwell,  
And praise Thee all day long.

*George Rostrevor Hamilton*

## CCXXIII

## AMENDS TO NATURE

I HAVE loved colours, and not flowers ;  
Their motion, not the swallow's wings ;  
And wasted more than half my hours  
Without the comradeship of things.

How is it, now, that I can see,  
With love and wonder and delight,  
The children of the hedge and tree,  
The little lords of day and night ?

How is it that I see the roads,  
No longer with usurping eyes,  
A twilight meeting-place for toads,  
A mid-day mart for butterflies ?

I feel, in every midge that hums,  
Life, fugitive and infinite,  
And suddenly the world becomes  
A part of me and I of it.

*Arthur Symons.*

## CCXXIV

## A THOUGHT

WHEN I look into a glass,  
Myself's my only care ;  
But I look into a pool  
For all the wonders there.

When I look into a glass,  
I see a fool :  
But I see a wise man  
When I look into a pool.

*William Henry Davies.*

CCXXV

INITIATION \*

THE wind has fallen asleep ; the bough that tost  
Is quiet ; the warm sun's gone ; the wide light  
Sinks and is almost lost ;  
Yet the April day glows on within my mind  
Happy as the white buds in the blue air,  
A thousand buds that shone on waves of wind.  
Now evening leads me wooingly apart.  
The young wood draws me down these shelving  
ways  
Deeper, as if it drew me to its heart.

What stills my spirit ? What awaits me here ?  
So motionless the budded hazels spring,  
So shadowy and so near !  
My feet make not a sound upon this moss,—  
Greenest gloom, scented with cold primroses.  
A ripple, shy as almost to be mute,  
Secretly wanders among further trees ;  
Else the clear evening brims with loneliness,  
With stillness luminous and absolute.



The pause between sunset and moonrise  
Exhales a strangeness. It melts out in dream

The experience of the wise.

This purity of sharpened sweet spring smells

Comes like a memory lost since I was born.

My own heart changes into mystery !

There is some presence nears through all these  
spells

Out of the darkened bosom of the earth :

Not I the leaf, but the leaf touches me.

•

Who seeks me ? What shy lover, whose approach

Makes spiritual the white flowers on the thorn ?

Who seems to breathe up round me,—perfume  
strange !—

June and its bloom unborn ?

Shy as a virgin passion is the spring !

I could have Time cease now, so there should  
live

This blossom in the stillness of my heart,—

Earth's earth, yet immaterial as a sense

Enriched to understand, love, hope, forgive.

Now, now, if ever, could the spirit catch,  
Beyond the ear's range, thrills of airy sound.

I tremble, as at the lifting of a latch.

Am I not found ?

This magical clear moment in the dusk

Is like a crystal dewy-brimming bowl

Imperilled upon lifting hands : I dread

The breathing of the shadow that shall spill

This wonder, and with it my very soul.

A dead bough cracks under my foot ! The charm  
Breaks ; I am I now, in a gloom aware  
Of furtive, flitting wing, and hunted eyes,  
And furry feet a-scare.

Fear, it is fear exiles us each apart ;  
We are all bound and prisoned in our fear ;  
From the dark shadow of our own selves we flee.  
Ah, but that moment, open-eyed, erect,  
I had stept out of all fear, and was free.

How sweet it was in youth's shy giving-time  
Finding the sudden friend, whose thoughts ran out  
With yours in natural chime ;  
Who knew, before speech, what the lips would tell !  
No need to excuse, to hide or to defend  
From him, in whom your dearest thought shone  
new

And not a fancy stirred for him in vain.  
So was it, as with a so perfect friend,  
In that rare moment I have lost again.

But lo, a whiteness risen beyond the hill :  
The moon-dawn ! A late bird sings somewhere ;  
hark

The long, low, loitering trill !  
Like water-drops it falls into the dark.  
The earth-sweetness holds me in its fragrant mesh.  
Oh, though I know that I am bound afar,  
Yet, where the grass is, there I also grew.  
Blood knows more than the brain. Am I perhaps  
Most true to earth when I seem most untrue ?

*Laurence Binyon.*

## THE NEW HOUSE

Now first, as I shut the door, .

I was alone

In the new house ; and the wind

Began to moan.

Old at once was the house,

And I was old ;

My ears were\*teased with the dread

Of what was foretold ;

Nights of storm, days of mist, without end ;

Sad days when the sun

Shone in vain : old griefs and griefs

Not yet begun.

All was foretold me ; naught

Could I foresee ;

But I learnt how the wind would sound

After these things should be.

*Edward Thomas.*

## WINTER NIGHTFALL

THE old yellow stucco

Of the time of the Regent

Is flaking and peeling :

The rows of square windows

In the straight yellow building

Are empty and still ;

And the dusty dark evergreens  
Guarding the wicket  
Are draped with wet cobwebs,  
And above this poor wilderness  
Toneless and sombre  
Is the flat of the hill.

They said that a colonel  
Who long ago died here  
Was the last one to live here :  
An old retired colonel,  
Some Fraser or Murray,  
I don't know his name ;  
Death came here and summoned him  
And the shells of him vanished  
Beyond all speculation ;  
And silence resumed here,  
Silence and emptiness,  
And nobody came.

Was it wet when he lived here,  
Were the skies dun and hurrying,  
Was the rain so irresolute ?  
Did he watch the night coming,  
Did he shiver at nightfall  
Before he was dead ?  
Did the wind go so creepily,  
Chilly and puffing,  
With drops of cold rain in it ?  
Was the hill's lifted shoulder  
So lowering and menacing,  
So dark and so dread ?

Did he turn through his doorway  
And go to his study,  
And light many candles ?  
And fold in the shutters,  
And heap up the fireplace •  
    To fight off the damps ?  
And muse on his boyhood,  
And wonder if India  
Ever was real ?  
And shut out the loneliness  
With pig-sticking memoirs  
    And collections of stamps ?

Perhaps. But he's gone now,  
He and his furniture  
Dispersed now for ever ;  
And the last of his trophies,  
Antlers and photographs,  
    Heaven knows where.  
And there's grass in his gateway,  
Grass on his footpath,  
Grass on his doorstep ;  
The garden's grown over,  
The well-chain is broken,  
    The windows are bare.

And I leave him behind me,  
For the straggling, discoloured  
Rags of the daylight,  
And hills and stone walls  
And a rick long forgotten  
    Of blackening hay :

The road pale and sticky,  
And cart-ruts and nail-marks,  
And wind-ruffled puddles,  
And the slop of my footsteps  
In this desolate country's  
Cadaverous clay.

*J. C. Squire*

CCXXVIII

THE BARN

RAIN-SUNKEN roof, grown green and thin  
For sparrows' nests and starlings' nests ;  
Dishevelled eaves ; unwieldy doors,  
Cracked rusty pump, and oaken floors,  
And idly-pencilled names and jests  
Upon the posts within.

The light pales at the spider's lust,  
The wind tangs through the shattered pane :  
An empty hop-poke spreads across  
The gaping frame to mend the loss  
And keeps out sun as well as rain,  
Mildewed with clammy dust.

The smell of apples stored in hay  
And homely cattle-cake is there.  
Use and disuse have come to terms,  
The walls are hollowed out by worms,  
But men's feet keep the mid-floor bare  
And free from worse decay.

All merry noise of hens astir  
Or sparrows squabbling on the roof  
Comes to the barn's broad open door ;  
You hear upon the stable floor  
Old hungry Dapple strike his hoof,  
And the blue fan-tail's whir.

The barn is old, and very old,  
But not a place of spectral fear.  
Cobwebs and dust and speckling sun  
Come to old buildings every one.  
Long since they made their dwelling here,  
And here you may behold

Nothing but simple wane and change ;  
Your tread will wake no ghost, your voice  
Will fall on silence undeterred.  
No phantom wailing will be heard,  
Only the farm's blithe cheerful noise ;  
The barn is old, not strange.

*Edmund Blunden.*

CCXXIX

ON A DEAD CHILD

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,  
With promise of strength and manhood full and  
fair !  
Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile  
remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer  
To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be  
Thy father's pride ;—ah, he  
Must gather his faith together, and his strength  
make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;  
Startling my fancy fond  
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of  
beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and  
holds it :  
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heart-  
breaking and stiff ;  
Yet feels to my hand as if  
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that  
enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing—  
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little  
bed !—  
Propping thy wise, sad head,  
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death,  
whither hath he taken thee ?  
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster  
of this ?  
The vision of which I miss,  
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm  
thee and awaken thee ?



Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us  
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the  
dark,  
Unwilling, alone we embark,  
And the things we have seen and, have known and  
have heard of, fail us.

*Robert Bridges.*

CCXXX

### BURY HER AT EVEN

BURY her at even  
That the stars may shine  
Soon above her,  
And the dews of twilight cover :  
Bury her at even  
Ye that love her.

Bury her at even  
In the wind's decline ;  
Night receive her  
Where no voice can ever grieve her !  
Bury her at even,  
And then leave her !

*Michael Field.*

CCXXXI

### GREAT THINGS

SWEET cyder is a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
Spinning down to Weymouth town  
By Ridgway thirstily,

And maid and mistress summoning  
Who tend the hostelry :  
O cyder is a great thing,  
A great thing to me !

The dance it is a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
With candles lit and partners fit  
For night-long revelry ;  
And going home when day-dawning  
Peeps pale upon the lea :  
O dancing is a great thing,  
A great thing to me !

Love is, yea, a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
When, having drawn across the lawn  
In darkness silently,  
A figure flits like one a-wing  
Out from the nearest tree :  
O love is, yes, a great thing,  
A great thing to me !

Will these be always great things,  
Great things to me ? . . .  
Let it befall that One will call,  
" Soul, I have need of thee " :  
What then ? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings,  
Love, and its ecstasy,  
Will always have been great things,  
Great things to me !

*Thomas Hardy.*

## CCXXXII

## THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS Eve, and twelve of the clock.

“ Now they are all on their knees,”

An elder said as we sat in a flock

By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where

They dwelt in their strawy pen,

Nor did it occur to one of us there

To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave

In these years ! Yet, I feel,

If some one said on Christmas Eve,

“ Come ; see the oxen kneel

“ In the lonely barton by yonder coomb

Our childhood used to know,”

I should go with him in the gloom,

Hoping it might be so.

*Thomas Hardy.*

## CCXXXIII

## NOEL

A FROSTY Christmas eve

when the stars were shining

Fared I forth alone

where westward falls the hill,

And from many a village  
    in the water'd valley  
Distant music reach'd me,  
    peals of bells a-ringing :  
The constellated sounds  
    ran sprinkling on earth's floor  
As the dark vault above  
    with stars was spangled o'er.

Then sped my thought to keep  
    that first Christmas of all  
When the shepherds watching  
    by their folds ere the dawn  
Heard music in the fields  
    and marveling could not tell  
Whether it were angels  
    or the bright stars singing.

Now blessed be the tow'rs  
    that crown England so fair,  
That stand up strong in prayer  
    unto God for our souls :  
Blessed be their founders  
    (sed I) an' our country folk  
Who are ringing for Christ  
    in the belfries to-night  
With arms lifted to clutch  
    the rattling ropes that race  
Into the dark above  
    and the mad romping din.

But to me heard afar  
it was heav'nly music,  
Angels' song comforting  
as the comfort of Christ  
When he spake tenderly  
to his sorrowful flock :  
The old words came to me  
by the riches of time  
Mellow'd and transfigured  
as I stood on the hill  
Heark'n'ing in the aspect  
of th' eternal silence.

*Robert Bridges.*

CCXXXIV

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live and gladly die  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
*Here he lies where he longed to be ;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

CCXXXV

SACRAMENTUM SUPREMUM

YE that with me have fought and failed and fought  
To the last desperate trench of battle's crest,  
Not yet to sleep, not yet ; our work is nought ;  
On that last trench the fate of all may rest.  
Draw near, my friends ; and let your thoughts be  
high ;  
Great hearts are glad when it is time to give ;  
Life is no life to him that dares not die,  
And death no death to him that dares to live.

Draw near together ; none be last or first ;  
We are no longer names, but one desire ;  
With the same burning of the soul we thirst,  
And the same wine to-night shall quench our  
fire.  
Drink ! to our fathers who begot us men,  
To the dead voices that are never dumb ;  
Then to the land of all our loves, and then  
To the long parting, and the age to come.

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

CCXXXVI

THE PLOUGHER

SUNSET and silence ! A man : around him earth  
savage, earth broken ;  
Beside him two horses—a plough !

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn,  
man there in the sunset,  
And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is  
founder of Cities !

“ Brute - tamer, plough - maker, earth - breaker !  
Can'st hear ? There are ages between us.  
Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in  
the sunset ?

“ Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you,  
earth-child and earth-master ?  
Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or  
Dana ?

“ Yet why give thought to gods ? Has Pan led  
your brutes where they stumble ?  
Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan  
put hands to your plough ?

“ What matter your foolish reply ! O man,  
standing lone and bowed earthward,  
Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to  
the night-giving God.”

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend  
with the savage ;  
The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's  
breadth only above them.

A head's breadth ? Ay, but therein is hell's  
depth, and the height up to heaven,  
And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their  
chariots, purples, and splendours.

*Padraic Colum.*

CCXXXVII

TRUTH

THE hero first thought it—  
To him 'twas a deed :  
To those who retaught it,  
A chain on their speed.

The fire that we kindled,  
A beacon by night,  
When darkness has dwindled  
Grows pale in the light.

For life has no glory  
Stays long in one dwelling,  
And time has no story  
That's true twice in telling.

And only the teaching  
That never was spoken  
Is worthy thy reaching,  
The fountain unbroken.

*George Russell (A. E.).*

CCXXXVIII

EPILOGUE

WHAT shall we do for Love these days ?  
How shall we make an altar-blaze  
To smite the horny eyes of men  
With the renown of our Heaven,



And to the unbelievers prove  
Our service to our dear god, Love ?  
What torches shall we lift above  
The crowd that pushes through the mire,  
To amaze the dark heads with strange fire ?  
I should think I were much to blame,  
If never I held some fragrant flame  
Above the noises of the world,  
And openly 'mid men's hurrying stares,  
Worshipt before the sacred fears  
That are like flashing curtains furl'd  
Across the presence of our lord Love.  
Nay, would that I could fill the gaze  
Of the whole earth with some great praise  
Made in a marvel for men's eyes,  
Some tower of glittering masonries,  
Therein such a spirit flourishing  
Men should see what my heart can sing :  
All that Love hath done to me  
Built into stone, a visible glee ;  
Marble carried to gleaming height  
As moved aloft by inward delight ;  
Not as with toil of chisels hewn,  
But seeming poised in a mighty tune.  
For of all those who have been known  
To lodge with our kind host, the sun,  
I envy one for just one thing :  
In Cordova of the Moors  
There dwelt a passion-minded King,  
Who set great bands of marble-hewers  
To fashion his heart's thanksgiving  
In a tall palace, shapen so  
All the wondering world might know

The joy he had of his Moorish lass.  
His love, that brighter and larger was  
Than the starry places, into firm stone  
He sent, as if the stone were glass  
Fired and into beauty blown.

Solemn and invented gravely  
In its bulk the fabric stood,  
Even as Love, that trusteth bravely  
In its own exceeding good  
To be better than the waste  
Of time's devices ; grandly spaced,  
Seriously the fabric stood.  
But over it all a pleasure went  
Of carven delicate ornament,  
Wreathing up like ravishment,  
Mentioning in sculptures twined  
The blitheness Love hath in his mind ;  
And like delighted senses were  
The windows, and the columns there  
Made the following sight to ache  
As the heart that did them make.  
Well I can see that shining song  
Flowering there, the upward throng  
Of porches, pillars, and windowed walls,  
Spires like piercing panpipe calls,  
Up to the roof's snow-cloud flight ;  
All glancing in the Spanish light  
White as water of arctic tides,  
Save an amber dazzle on sunny sides.  
You had said, the radiant sheen  
Of that palace might have been  
A young god's fantasy, ere he came  
His serious worlds and suns to frame ;

Such an immortal passion  
Quivered among the slim hewn stone.  
And in the nights it seemed a jar  
Cut in the substance of a star,  
Wherein a wine, that will be poured  
Some time for feasting Heaven, was stored.

But within this fretted shell,  
The wonder of Love made visible,  
The King a private gentle mood  
There placed, of pleasant quietude.  
For right amidst there was a court,  
Where always muskèd silences  
Listened to water and to trees ;  
And herbage of all fragrant sort,—  
Lavender, lad's-love, rosemary,  
Basil, tansy, centaury,—  
Was the grass of that orchard, hid  
Love's amazements all amid.  
Jarring the air with rumour cool,  
Small fountains played into a pool  
With sound as soft as the barley's hiss  
When its beard just sprouting is ;  
Whence a young stream, that trod on moss,  
Prettily rimpled the court across.  
And in the pool's clear idleness,  
Moving like dreams through happiness,  
Shoals of small bright fishes were ;  
In and out weed-thickets bent  
Perch and carp, and sauntering went  
With mounching jaws and eyes a-stare ;  
Or on a lotus leaf would crawl  
A brinded loach to bask and sprawl,  
Tasting the warm sun ere it dipt

Into the water ; but quick' as fear  
Back his shining brown head slipt  
To crouch on the gravel of his lair,  
Where the cooled sunbeams broke in wrack,  
Spilt shatter'd, gold about his back.

So within that green-veiled air,  
Within that white-walled quiet, where  
Innocent water thought aloud,—  
Childish prattle that must make  
The wise sunlight with laughter shake  
On the leafage overbowed,—  
Often the King and his love-lass  
Let the delicious hours pass.  
All the outer world could see  
Graved and sawn amazingly  
Their love's delighted riotise,  
Fixt in marble for all men's eyes ;  
But only these twain could abide  
In the cool peace that withinside  
Thrilling desire and passion dwelt ;  
They only knew the still meaning spelt  
By Love's flaming script, which is  
God's word written in ecstasies.

And where is now that palace gone,  
All the magical skill'd stone,  
All the dreaming towers wrought  
By Love as if no more than thought  
The unresisting marble was ?  
How could such a wonder pass ?  
Ah, it was but built in vain  
Against the stupid horns of Rome,  
That pusht down into the common loam  
The loveliness that shone in Spain.

But we have raised it up again !  
A loftier palace, fairer far,  
Is ours, and one that fears no war.  
Safe in marvellous walls we are ;  
Wondering sense like builded fires,  
High amazements of desires,  
Delight and certainty of love,  
Closing around, roofing above  
Our unapproacht and perfect hour  
Within the splendours of Love's power.

*Lascelles Abercrombie.*

CCXXXIX

THE RABBI'S SONG

IF Thought can reach to Heaven,  
On Heaven let it dwell,  
For fear thy Thought be given  
Like power to reach to Hell.  
For fear the desolation  
And darkness of thy mind  
Perplex an habitation  
Which thou hast left behind.

Let nothing linger after—  
No whimpering ghost remain,  
In wall, or beam, or rafter,  
Of any hate or pain.  
Cleanse and call home thy spirit,  
Deny her leave to cast,  
On aught thy heirs inherit,  
The shadow of her past.

For think, in all thy sadness,  
What road our griefs may take ;  
Whose brain reflect our madness,  
Or whom our terrors shake.  
For think; lest any languish  
By cause of thy distress—  
The arrows of our anguish  
Fly farther than we guess.

Our lives, our tears, as water,  
Are spilled upon the ground ;  
God giveth no man quarter,  
Yet God a means hath found,  
Though faith and hope have vanished,  
And even love grows dim—  
A means whereby His banished  
Be not expelled from Him.

*Rudyard Kipling.*

CCXL

“ IN NO STRANGE LAND ”

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars !—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Genesareth, but Thames !

*Francis Thompson.*

CCXLI

THE SONG OF HONOUR

I CLIMBED a hill as light fell short,  
And rooks came home in scramble sort,  
And filled the trees and flapped and fought  
And sang themselves to sleep ;  
An owl from nowhere with no sound  
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,  
I heard him calling half-way round,  
Holloing loud and deep ;

A pair of stars, faint pins of light,  
Then many a star, sailed into sight,  
And all the stars, the flower of night,  
Were round me at a leap ;  
To tell how still the valleys lay  
I heard a watchdog miles away,  
And bells of distant sheep.

I heard no more of bird or bell.  
The mastiff in a slumber fell,  
I stared into the sky,  
As wondering men have always done  
Since beauty and the stars were one,  
Though none so hard as I.

It seemed, so still the valleys were,  
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,  
Save me and me alone ;  
So pure and wide that silence was  
I feared to bend a blade of grass,  
And there I stood like stone.

There, sharp and sudden, there I heard—

*Ah ! some wild lovesick singing bird  
Woke singing in the trees ?  
The nightingale and babble-wren  
Were in the English greenwood then,  
And you heard one of these ?*

The babble-wren and nightingale  
Sang in the Abyssinian vale  
That season of the year !  
Yet, true enough, I heard them plain,  
I heard them both again, again,



As sharp and sweet and clear  
As if the Abyssinian tree  
Had thrust a bough across the sea,  
Had thrust a bough across to me  
With music for my ear !

I heard them both, and oh ! I heard  
The song of every singing bird  
That sings beneath the sky,  
And with the song of lark and wren  
The song of mountains, moths and men  
And seas and rainbows vie !

I heard the universal choir,  
The Sons of Light exalt their Sire  
With universal song,  
Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,  
Her million times ten million throats  
Exalt Him loud and long,  
And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace  
From every part and every place  
Within the shining of His face,  
The universal throng.

I heard the hymn of being sound  
From every well of honour found  
In human sense and soul :  
The song of poets when they write  
The testament of Beautysprite  
Upon a flying scroll,  
The song of painters when they take  
A burning brush for Beauty's sake  
And limn her features whole—

The song of men divinely wise  
Who look and see in starry skies  
Not stars so much as robins' eyes,  
And when these pale away  
Hear flocks of shiny pleiades  
Among the plums and apple trees  
Sing in the summer day—

The song of all both high and low  
To some blest vision true,  
The song of beggars when they throw  
The crust of pity all men owe  
To hungry sparrows in the snow,  
Old beggars hungry too—  
The song of kings of kingdoms when  
They rise above their fortune Men,  
And crown themselves anew—

The song of courage, heart and will  
And gladness in a fight,  
Of men who face a hopeless hill  
With sparking and delight,  
The bells and bells of song that ring  
Round banners of a cause or king  
From armies bleeding white—

The song of sailors every one  
When monstrous tide and tempest run  
At ships like bulls at red,  
When stately ships are twirled and spun  
Like whipping tops and help there's none  
And mighty ships ten thousand ton  
Go down like lumps of lead—

And song of fighters stern as they  
At odds with fortune night and day,  
Crammed up in cities grim and grey  
As thick as bees in hives,  
Hosannas of a lowly throng  
Who sing unconscious of their song,  
Whose lips are in their lives—

And song of some at holy war  
With spells and ghouls more dread by far  
Than deadly seas and cities are  
Or hordes of quarrelling kings—  
The song of fighters great and small,  
The song of pretty fighters all  
And high heroic things—

The song of lovers—who knows how  
Twitched up from place and time  
Upon a sigh, a blush, a vow,  
A curve or hue of cheek or brow,  
Borne up and off from here and now  
Into the void sublime !

And crying loves and passions still  
In every key from soft to shrill  
And numbers never done,  
Dog-loyalties to faith and friend,  
And loves like Ruth's of old no end,  
And intermission none—

And burst on burst for beauty and  
For numbers not behind,  
From men whose love of motherland  
Is like a dog's for one dear hand,

Sole, selfless, boundless,\* blind—  
And song of some with hearts beside  
For men and sorrows far and wide,  
Who watch the world with pity and pride  
And warm to all mankind—

And endless joyous music rise  
From children at their play,  
And endless soaring lullabies  
From happy, happy mothers' eyes,  
And answering crows and baby-cries,  
How many who shall say !  
And many a song as wondrous well  
With pangs and sweets intolerable  
From lonely hearths too grey to tell,  
God knows how utter grey !  
And song from many a house of care  
When pain has forced a footing there  
And there's a Darkness on the stair  
Will not be turned away—  
And song—that song whose singers come  
With old kind tales of pity from  
The Great Compassion's lips,  
That make the bells of Heaven to peal  
Round pillows frosty with the feel  
Of Death's cold finger tips—

The song of men all sorts and kinds,  
As many tempers, moods and minds  
As leaves are on a tree,  
As many faiths and castes and creeds,  
As many human bloods and breeds,  
As in the world may be ;

The song of each and all who gaze  
On Beauty in her naked blaze,  
Or see her dimly in a haze,  
Or get her light in fitful rays  
And tiniest needles even,  
The song of all not wholly dark,  
Not wholly sunk in stupor stark  
Too deep for groping Heaven—  
And alleluias sweet and clear  
And wild with beauty men mishear,  
From choirs of song as near and dear  
To Paradise as they,  
The everlasting pipe and flute  
Of wind and sea and bird and brute,  
And lips deaf men imagine mute  
In wood and stone and clay :

The music of a lion strong  
That shakes a hill a whole night long,  
A hill as loud as he,  
The twitter of a mouse among  
Melodious greenery,  
The ruby's and the rainbow's song,  
The nightingale's—all three,  
The song of life that wells and flows  
From every leopard, lark and rose  
And everything that gleams or goes  
Lack-lustre in the sea.

I heard it all, each, every note  
Of every lung and tongue and throat,  
Ay, every rhythm and rhyme  
Of everything that lives and loves

And upward, ever upward moves  
From lowly to sublime !  
Earth's multitudinous Sons of Light,  
I heard them lift their lyric might  
With each and every chanting sprite  
That lit the sky that wondrous night  
As far as eye could climb !

I heard it all, I heard the whole  
Harmonious hymn of being roll  
Up through the chapel of my soul  
And at the altar die,  
And in the awful quiet then  
Myself I heard, Amen, Amen,  
Amen I heard me cry !  
I heard it all and then although  
I caught my flying senses, Oh,  
A dizzy man was I !  
I stood and stared ; the sky was lit,  
The sky was stars all over it,  
I stood, I knew not why,  
Without a wish, without a will,  
I stood upon that silent hill  
And stared into the sky until  
My eyes were blind with stars and still  
I stared into the sky.

*Ralph Hodgson.*



# NOTES

## BOOK I

PAGE.	NO.	
3	I.	From <i>Nepenthe</i> , privately printed in or about 1839 ; a strange and difficult poem, rich in imaginative splendours. It was reprinted in 1897 by the late R. A. Streatfeild from the apparently unique copy in the British Museum.
4	II.	This is the later version of the poem, published in <i>Poems by the Way</i> . An earlier version is in <i>The Life and Death of Jason</i> , with the title, "A sweet song sung not yet to any man."
17	X.	From the long dramatic lyric, <i>Saul</i> .
43	XXIII.	The first chorus of <i>Atalanta in Calydon</i> .
58	XXXIV.	From <i>The Triumph of Time</i> , the first forty stanzas of the poem being omitted. L. 1 : The singer is the French troubadour Rudel, who fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli from the report of her ; sailed to Syria, fell sick on the way, and saw his lady but to die in her arms.



PAGE	NO.	
67	XL.	Last line but one. The reading in the text is that of the original version, afterwards altered (for the worse, I think) to <i>Where I have seen</i> across the twilight wave.
80	L.	Written in imitation of the Greek "Sapphic" metre, and entitled simply "Sapphics" in <i>Poems and Ballads</i> .
84	LI.	Some stanzas describing the visit to the Prisoner are omitted.
98	LVIII.	Seventh stanza. 1. 2. <i>Hath</i> in the original text.
101	LX.	Quatrains 17-19 of <i>The Rubdydt of Omar Khayyám</i> (version of 1859).
107	LXVI.	From <i>In Memoriam</i> ; section xi.
112	LXVIII.	The story of the Scholar-Gipsy is taken from Glanvil's <i>Vanity of Dogmatizing</i> , 1661.
135	LXXIV.	The title is that of Thomson's principal poem, of which this is a section.
139	LXXVII.	Written in Dorsetshire dialect. Woak : oak ; doust : dust ; jay : joy ; to ho vor : in anxious care for ; house-ridden : moving house, lippens : movements of the lips.
142	LXXIX.	One stanza (the penultimate) omitted.
144	LXXX.	Dolben was only nineteen when he was drowned while bathing in the river Welland. His poems were first published by Mr. Robert Bridges, his school-friend at Eton, in 1911.

- | PAGE. | NO.       |  |
|-------|-----------|--|
| 153   | LXXXIV.   | Quatrains 72 and 73 of FitzGerald's version of Omar (1859 edition).  |
| 157   | LXXXVIII. | From <i>Obermann Once More</i> . This vision of the Roman and the Eastern world after the coming of Christ is put into the mouth of "Obermann," Arnold's name for E. F. de Senancour (1770-1846), author of a book of that name. |
| 173   | c.        | One of seven sonnets by the author of <i>Erewhon</i> , privately printed with "A Psalm of Montreal" in 1904  |
| 176   | cv.       | From <i>In Memoriam</i> ; section cxxiii.  |
| 180   | cx.       | The Prelude to <i>Songs Before Sunrise</i> ; the first nine stanzas omitted.   |

## BOOK II

- |     |         |  |
|-----|---------|--|
| 196 | cxx.    | Last line. The reference is to Chaucer's Prioress' Tale of the child, murdered by Jews, who lying dead yet continued to sing the hymn "O Alma Redemptoris Mater."  |
| 199 | cxxiii. | Sorley, killed in action, October 1915, at the age of twenty, was already a poet of high promise and original power.   |
| 216 | cxlii.  | Gerard Hopkins' poems belong strictly to Book I but were not published till 1918. Original to the point of eccentricity, he was in metre and rhythm a pioneer, to whom later verse is indirectly indebted. |

- | PAGE. | NO.      |   |
|-------|----------|---|
| 219   | CXLVI.   | I am indebted to Lady Newbolt for the complete version, here first printed, of this poem.   |
| 232   | CLVI.    | Flecker's career of bright promise was cut short in 1915 by his death from consumption. He had served in the Consular service at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Beyrout. <i>The Old Ships</i> appeared after his death.  |
| 256   | CLXVII.  | From <i>Diversi Colores</i> , printed for the author, 1891. Herbert Horne is best known by his scholarly and majestic book on Botticelli. In his younger days he wrote poetry, practised architecture and other arts, and designed founts of type for printing.   |
| 261   | CLXXIV.  | Michael Field was the pseudonym adopted by Katharine Harris Bradley and Edith Emma Cooper. They were aunt and niece, and present a unique example of poetic collaboration. Their chief work is a series of poetic plays. This song occurs in Act iii. Sc. 1 of <i>The Tragic Mary</i> .                           |
| 266   | CLXXXI.  | From <i>Primavera</i> , poems by four authors, Oxford, 1890.  |
| 269   | CLXXXIV. | "Baile and Aillinn were lovers, but Aengus, the Master of Love, wishing them to be happy in his own land among the dead, told to each a story of the other's death, so that their hearts were broken and they died." The musings or comments of the poet, prefacing and interrupting the story, are here omitted. |

- | PAGE. | NO.        |   |
|-------|------------|---|
| 275   | CLXXXVI.   | From <i>Sister Songs</i> .  |
| 278   | CLXXXIX.   | Edward Thomas, killed in the War, turned from prose to poetry late in his life, publishing his verse under the name of Edward East-   |
| 281   | CXCIII.    | Maurice Hewlett began as a poet and wrote much verse in later life. His poetic power is best displayed in his epic <i>Song of the Plow</i> and in <i>The Village Wife's Lament</i> .  |
| 285   | CXCVII.    | The text of the title is taken from Jeremiah xii. 1. Hopkins was a Jesuit priest.   |
| 292   | CCIV.      | Admiral Robert Blake attacked and destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, 20th April 1657. Returning home, ill and worn out, he died at the entrance to Plymouth Sound, 7th August. The metre of the poem seems to have been suggested by the contrasted effect of alternate hexameter and iambic used by Horace in some of his odes. |
| 307   | CCXIV.     | Wilfred Owen, like Edward Thomas, C. H. Sorley, and Rupert Brooke, was a victim of the War. He was killed in action, 1918.  |
| 331   | CCXXXVIII. | Epilogue to <i>Emblems of Love</i> .  |
| 337   | CCXL.      | This poem was found among Francis Thompson's papers when he died.   |



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